Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO EMMA —

I think of thee when smiling day
First wakes the lark's inspiring song,
On Zephyr's wing, far, far away
He bears his rapid course along.

I think of thee at noontide's heat,
When purling streams their coolness fling—
Around my languid weary feet,
And gently murmur—sweetly sing—

Of rocks and hills they've rolled among
From mountain top and grassy dales:
They cheer me with their native song,
And echo thro' the lonely vales.

I think of thee at evening fall,
When Sol's fierce rays have faded west,
And Heaven's bright orb on me doth call
To welcome her, and see me blest.

In knowing at that moonlight hour
Our mutual vision marks her course—
Upheld by God's almighty power—
The wonder of the universe.

I think of thee at dead of night,
When all around is hushed in sleep,—
Thy imag'd form maintains its might
And gently o'er my visions creep.

And ever while my reason lives
And love maintains its Heavenly part,
While e'er the sun his beams doth give,
Thy love shall hold my willing heart.

CEANGUB.

From the Casket for January.

STILLWOOD.

"It speaks of former scenes—of days gone by—
Of early friendships—of the loved and lost—
And wakes such music in the heart, as sigh
Of evening woos from harp-strings gentle frost."
MALCOLM.

PRATT THATCHER, the grey-haired master of the Red Lion in the far-famed village of Bellevue, had according to his custom risen with the first streaks of morning. Pratt had passed the grand climacteric, but still with a body which evinced labor and health, carried on his face a passport to the goodwill of every traveller who sojourned at the Red Lion. The *toute ensemble* of his figure to those who might be ignorant of his occupation was that of the substantial, intelligent and hospitable farmer. Not that much of the starch of the rigid of that sect entered into the composition of his mind, the costume of our good publican was that of the society of Friends. His fine blue eyes beaming kindly from a visage, full but not overloaded, and gave intimation of a soul above the ordinary grade of his profession.

Pratt, in the days of his youth, had cast his eyes upon one of those bewitching objects, a fair Quakeress, and she had so far returned his love glances and professions, as in due time to become Rebecca Thatcher, and her sect rewarded her union and constancy to Pratt, by disowning her as a transgressing member. For some reasons, conclusive with herself, Rebecca could never be induced to confess the least repentance, and Pratt in some measure, to either gratify his beloved, or to tantalize the elders by whom she had been rejected, assumed their dress and modes of speech. In dress, manner and speech, Rebecca also remained, as she had been from infancy.

Many who took shelter under the formidable paws of the Red Lion, felt and expressed their surprise at the apparent inconsistency between the dress, language, order, and scrupulous decency prevailing within and without their house; and their profession and its carnivorous symbol. To such observers the good natured Pratt had one ready reply, saying, "*There were more inconsistencies in the world, beside that* between his old coat and the grinning monster on his sign-board."

This was unanswerable. No man's experience or conscience, could afford a contradiction. In reality, as far as fair dealing, mildness of demeanor, kindness of heart, and neatness even to elegance, could substantiate their claim, Pratt and Rebecca were of the society of Friends. Some wags in their jocularity over a glass of old cider, and a late newspaper, used to jeer their landlord, by expressing their belief, that he would have endeavoured to find his way into the pale of a church whose externals he so carefully preserved, if sitting an hour or two silent once or twice a week had not formed a part of its ritual.

This kind of sallies Pratt parried by another ready and excellent back-stroke.

"I might have conceded some folly and preserved my reputation, if I had more frequently been compelled to remain silent."

Such replies very often produced due effects upon flippant speakers, for Pratt gave them direction by a very significant twirl of the nose, not seldom transferred from the mind of the speaker to that of the hearer, the application of his pronouns. To this archness, there was about him, for an innkeeper, a certain dignity of manner which insured respect from the thoughtless in other respects. Age and a name free of reproach, together with the commission of justice of the peace and land surveyor, all combined with his general intelligence to place Pratt Thatcher, amongst the first of his neighbourhood. His house was the coffee-room of the village and vicinity, where the most respectable society met, to enjoy the freedom of a tavern, and the well ordered quiet of a private house.

The village of Bellevue like many others, had risen, no man could easily tell how, in a very few years from the western wilds, and had assumed the aspect of a city in miniature almost from its commencement, as it had the rare advantage of being planned and planted by an active people, many of whom had been habituated to reside in houses of more convenience and elegance, than ordinary frontier cabins even in villages. The situation was in a peculiar degree striking. Accident, which has elevated cities as well as men, claimed no small share of the merit of having contributed to the fortune of Bellevue, and nature secured its prosperity by bestowing on the scenery of its site, grandeur, variety and splendour, and leading a noble navigable stream through the picture. From the river rose hills, some rounded, abrupt, or gently sloping, others almost precipitous. Directly above the village entered a bold torrent, which deriving its remote springs in one of the Appalachian ridges, brawled its way until swallowed and silenced by the Monongahela.

Rising by a rather steep acclivity from the very margin of the river, the houses of Bellevue seem to hang upon the brows of the projecting eminences, giving a scattered but pleasing aspect to the landscape as seen from the opposite bank.

Above the mouth of Dunn's creek, which bounds Bellevue to the south, spreads a fine high river plain, on which has risen Fairport, the mighty rival of Bellevue. The houses of Fairport spread along the margin of the river and on the plain, as if in every respect to exhibit the lowly, humble and modest character of its inhabitants, and to stand as a mute but permanent satire on their more elevated neighbours.

Though separated by no wider barrier than a small creek, which as if terror seemed to shrink as it approached its majestic recipient, and, whose mouth was muzzled by a frail wooden bridge, Rome and Carthage had scarce worse, or more inveterate subjects of rivalry. Civil war was, however, prevented by the pacific disposition and principles of the people of Fairport, who almost exclusively composed of Friends, saved the two villages from becoming the scenes of worldly warfare. In the execution of public improvement, which would have conferred mutual benefit, the inhabitants of each village exerted a laudable zeal to thwart each other's views, and left much undone which would have adorned the scene where nature had done so much, that only a little aid from the human hand, and some more charity in the human heart, was wanting to make it an earthly paradise.

That pertinacious regard to biography so preeminent in the American character, was fully displayed by the respective founders of Bellevue and Fairport. The fathers of the republic and of the Society of Friends were duly remembered, and the names of Greene and Washington, and of Penn and Barclay crossed each other in the main streets of those two rival towns.

In Bellevue the Red Lion reared his terrific crest and mane, where Washington led to a Presbyterian church on one end, and a coal mine on the other, and where Greene stretched towards the river westwards, and rose the hills on the others towards the rising sun.

Amongst the thousands who from as many motives penetrated the western wilds was Thos. Stillwood. With some property, an Irishman by nation and a merchant by profession, it was him who founded the Red Lion, and with it Bellevue, as it was the first house reared where that proud village now boasts so many superb mansions. Encumbered with no family, Stillwood found on his arrival in Philadelphia from Ireland, a beardless son of his own island who had come to America as many went to the west, for why they knew not. Poor James McWhine was standing on the wharf wringing his hands, while a brutal looking farmer was purchasing him as a servant from the captain who brought him over. The forlorn situation of the boy touched Stillwood, who very unceremoniously stepped up, demanded of the captain "what are you getting for this child?" "Ten pounds" replied the captain. "Here's twelve and boy's mine," rejoined Stillwood, and as soon as all could be fixed the no little rejoicing boy was following his new and warm-hearted master; and follow him he did to the banks of the Monongahela.

Four or five years rolled on over Stillwood and his honest James McWhine. A good house, a store and tavern had risen, and the Red Lion became noted. But every man is a small world, and subject to as many and as strange revolutions as the round ball we call the great world, and for about the same reasons, and by the same agents with the small and great worlds. A woman was the cause of the ruin of Troy, and a woman deranged the affairs of Thomas Stillwood, who at the high latitude of forty appeared safe from the torrid heats, but alas! who can say to-day, "I'll be wise to-morrow." If Thomas Stillwood had made such an anticipation of his own firmness, he would have added one more to the number who have proven how little they know of themselves.

On the very summit of one of the thousand hills of the west, and in full view from the desk window of Thomas Stillwood, stood the mansion of old Silas Ridgeway, whose daughter Peggy was the toast and torment of some half a dozen or ten of the young ploughmen, storekeepers, and what not, amongst which list the senior, and in his own mind, the favored suitor was Stillwood.

An host of novelists and no small number of philosophers, have assigned coquetry to the aristocracy, as a matter of privilege; but it is very plain to me that these describers of manners and speculators on metaphysics, never resided on the frontiers of the United States; for never did I enter a smoke painted log cabin, in which, if inhabited by human beings, I did not find just what I have found in the most lordly mansions in cities. A similar discovery was made by Thomas Stillwood. In the Presbyterian meeting-house in Bellevue, Peggy Ridgeway divided attention with old Dr. ——.

At the time our veracious tale opens, time and prosperity had avowed each, each its own kind of favours, on the heads of Pratt and Rebecca Thatcher, and on their man James McWhine, but forty years before, worldly matters were very different with this worthy husband and wife: the world was before them, true, but on the day of their espousals, even their ward-robe was scanty. It was about the fourth year of their union and when two babes had added to their joys and cares, when Pratt passing along the street of Bellevue was attracted by an advertisement, which on reading, he turned on his steps and entered the store of Thomas Stillwood.

"Friend Thomas," said Pratt without either hesitation or apology, "I see thou hast advertised for a clerk."

"I have," replied Stillwood, "do you know any one to recommend?"

"The one I wish to have the place," replied Pratt, "to tell the truth, I cannot recommend," and pausing and seeing Stillwood's good natured smile, continued:

"It is myself, Thomas Stillwood."

"You are not a merchant," observed Stillwood, "but you are an honest and intelligent man, and if yourself and family can reconcile the notions you must have formed, with the necessary life of a public house, come and try."

The morning gave rise to a hopeful futurity.—it was one of those spring mornings which mocks all poetry to describe, when Pratt and Rebecca Thatcher crossed Dunn's creek bridge, and rose with their two little ones the hill of Bellevue, on their way to their new residence.

"I have consented to this very worldly step, Pratt," said Rebecca, as they came in sight of the Red Lion, "I wish thee and Thomas Stillwood would take away that monster, and if thou must have a symbol of thy business, let it be one of peace."

"He only threatens," replied Pratt, with an affectionate smile, "my dear Rebecca; he has never been known, I am told, to injure even a bird which might light upon the board above his head.—So we may as well leave the poor beast and endeavour to be as harmless, though more placid in our outward appearance."

"I wish that Red Lion was the only animal of prey, which stands with open jaws," said James McWhine, who having been sent to aid them in their removal, was walking with them when the colloquy took place between the husband and wife.

"Well would it be, if so, James," rejoined Pratt, as the wagon with their moveables stopped under the formidable Lion.

"The sign within is of more consequence, than that without," calmly concluded Rebecca, as with a most hearty welcome herself and infants were received at the door by Thomas Stillwood.

We may now pass over two more years, but what years of change for the owner of the Red Lion! The once light hearted, gay and open countenanced Thomas Stillwood was gone, and a gloomy, silent, and abstracted man took his place. The body, the form, was the same, but the heart was changed, and why changed? Peggy Ridgeway was charged with being the evil genius. In the day of his misfortune, for what greater misfortune than being over head and shoulders in love, without a return. Thomas Stillwood had been great and very unusual compensations; he had an honest housekeeper, an honest clerk, and an honest manager. When he left his business to his servants in the common course of things, that business fell into hands that conducted it with common accord for good, and every thing in and about the Red Lion seemed flourishing, except its dejected owner. There is an old saying which has been going the rounds for thousands of years it is probable, and that is, that "Forty year-old fools will never get wise." If the folly is caused by love, the inveteracy of the disease is certainly not to be made a matter of wonder, particularly when initiated by disappointment.

Let philosophers and metaphysicians settle all this, while we go on with the story of Thomas Stillwood. With this poor son of despair, bad went on to worse, until the whole economy of his household was in the hands of his tenant.

Thus stood matters, when on a certain morning Pratt was requested to attend him in his own room, which the latter did under serious apprehensions of something extraordinary, if not painful. When Pratt entered, he found his landlord leaning on his elbows in one of the windows and gazing in utter abstraction on the landscape including the Ridgeway farm. Pratt entered so slow and cautiously as not to alarm the dreamer, for Stillwood was asleep as to the world, one object excepted. For several minutes Pratt stood regarding the silent man, but at length touching him gently on the shoulder, Stillwood started as if awakened from a deep slumber.

"Thou hast sent for me," observed Pratt.

"I have," replied Stillwood, starting to his feet with much vivacity, and pacing the room several times, with his eyes fixed on the floor, at length stopped abruptly before the astonished Pratt, exclaimed,

"I have sent for you Pratt Thatcher to receive a candid answer to a plain question.—Don't you think me mad?"

"Why really Thomas Stillwood, I must say that my ways have been out of common order lately, but" —— and Pratt hesitated.

"But," repeated Stillwood, "you do not think me mad—nor do I believe myself so,—but it is very clear that if I remain here mad I must be. Come, dont interrupt me, seeing Pratt, ready to speak, an order which the latter very readily obeyed, for he was distressed to know what either to say or think, and Stillwood went on.

"Pratt Thatcher I have no relations in America, nor not one any where else that I wish ever to inherit a penny of mine. I have made my will, in due form, in favour of Ellen Thatcher.—Be silent. I am going, God knows where, or when I may return. Here is a lease of this house, and here is a power of attorney to act for me. Except a sum of money and my horse, the residue you are to administer as formerly. To James McWhine you will act as you have done, and pay him what I have paid him myself."—Here he paused, handing over the papers which Pratt received in silence after delivering the papers. Stillwood placed his hands on his knees and looking a few moments rather vacantly on the pitying face of Pratt, at length started to his feet and left the room.

As had been the case for some months, the next morning Stillwood sat at breakfast without seeming to reflect there were anxious faces around him, but on this occasion his mind seemed disturbed rather than in a moody calm. As the family were rising, he very unexpectedly called to his favorite Ellen, who willingly obeyed the call of one loved next to her father.—Placing the lovely and delighted child on his knee, he drew forth an elegant small gold repeater, which he playfully placed to the child's ear, saying, "Does it speak, my dear."

"Yes it speaks," replied Ellen, "but I don't know what it says."

"No matter—no matter," bitterly and inwardly ejaculated Stillwood, it is a friend that will never betray you my little innocent.—Put it into your bosom, it is your's." Gently kissing the overjoyed child and rising as she slid down and ran to show her treasure to her brothers and sisters, Stillwood gazed round the room and on the almost petrified family, who beheld the scene in great distress. Not a word however past, and Stillwood walked forth, mounted his horse, and turning up the street was no more seen in Bellevue.

Days and weeks past, and busy tongues began to utter conjectures, and rumour compelled Pratt Thatcher to produce the papers we have mentioned in his own defence. The disappearance of Thomas Stillwood was gradually lost in more recent wonderful events and the Red Lion was regarded as the property of Pratt Thatcher. James McWhine, a solid Presbyterian, continued squire and hostler, and was more remarkable and even still more extensively known than Pratt himself. No spider was ever more wakeful or watchful, than was James McWhine, and no sooner did the advancing traveller approach than ready was the step and hand at the door.

Years were gone after years, Ellen Pratt had risen to the verge of womanhood, the beauty not alone of Belleville, but of the two adjacent counties. But one person in either county knew she was the heiress of not only the Red Lion, but a large accumulated property beside. One of the clauses in his power of attorney authorized Pratt to have the testament of Thomas Stillwood opened, but as the old half Quaker avowed afterwards, he was determined not to offer a premium for pride in the girl, and for fortune hunters, the more as the real owner might still return.

"I must take an early ride to-morrow morning, James," said Pratt one evening to his aid. James, without more words knew what was wanted, and next morning before the cock had hailed the dawn, had risen to prepare old gray, who not having received similar orders, had put in practice a discovery he had made in the days of his youth, eloped in order to widen the range of his walks. James had good reason to know these walks, having had many years experience to teach him their mazes, and now not finding the runaway in his proper place, deliberately proceeded to trace his steps along the dusty road past the Presbyterian burying ground.—As he was slowly passing under the mingled branches which hung over the fence enclosing this abode of death, and his mind something awe-struck by the speaking silence, and darkly shaded scene, an opening through the boughs, presented to him an object which chilled his heart's blood and rivetted him to the spot. On a white grave stone appeared sitting the form of a human being, and as he fixed his terrified gaze upon the apparition, it rose with a most deep and solemn groan, and turned its steps toward the horror struck man. It appeared tall and gaunt, and the last rays of the moon now sinking behind the hills on the opposite side of the Mocongahela, casting long and lugubrious shadows, gave a truly supernatural aspect to the phantom. Ever and anon the figure stopped, looked back, and sighed or groaned, as it risen from the tomb. James with eyes and whole frame immovably fixed, beheld its motions and heard sounds too dreadful for a living being to see and hear. Suddenly the unearthly wanderer, turned, retraced its steps, and again sat down upon the cold record of who lay beneath. If the mind of James was before impressed with the belief that he saw before him a spirit revisiting its walks when in life, that belief was now confirmed, as he every moment expected it to sink away, once more from the view of mortals. His suspended breath at length found vent in a fervent prayer, which reached and roused the spirit, who rising once more but with quick steps, approached until only the fence and bramble separated the two equally fixed countenances. A slight movement of the pendant branches exposed to James, the haggard, pale, and to him piercing glances of the ghost, truly death-like in the moon beams, whilst he, himself, standing in the open road, was fully exposed and motionless with terror, but as "Why James McWhine," met his ear, "God have mercy on my soul," was the reply, and by a desperate effort every nerve was strained, and in less than one minute was gasping with expressive contortions of extreme agony under the feet of Pratt Thatcher.

When convinced it was such and no more, no man ever relished a joke more than did Pratt Thatcher, but he was a man who never outraged humanity by attempting to make a joke of real distress, however, unreal might be the cause.

"What aileth thee James? What is the matter James?" was the first earnest question, as the bolt was dropped which Pratt was ready to draw on.

"I ha-ha-ha-have seen—oh-oh-I thought," replied in broken accents the poor distracted sufferer, as the alarmed, and some of them half dressed family came crowding round him.

"What ha-t thou thought, James?" repeated Pratt and Rebecca several times before they received any reply. At length, a deep sigh was followed by some composure and James fixing his tearful eyes alternately on the inquiring faces of the husband and wife, observed, "I know I will not be believed, but if I ever in life saw Thomas Stillwood, I saw him at and on the grave stone of Margaret Harvey.

Neither laugh nor smile escaped from Pratt, but his inimitable twirl of nose, which no other person better understood than did James, could not be suppressed, and operated on the hostler accordingly. Though timid before a ghost, McWhine was a man of unflinching nerve before living beings like himself, and now feeling his veracity doubted, gave him renovated strength, and he observed rather firmly, "I expected nothing else, and Pratt Thatcher, I will say now, what I never before took the liberty to say, and which my soul is grieved to say, you are in matters of higher import, of a too unbelieving ——."

This was too much for Pratt, who, with a hearty laugh took James kindly by the hand, observing, "Come, come James, and let us both go and see this spirit, if it is a spirit."

James acquiesced and followed, but with still tottering steps, his friend and as he then felt, protector. As they proceeded along the lane, beyond the termination of the street, and came under the still dark shade of the thick foliage, every trembling leaf announced to McWhine the soul chilling spectre. The mingled grey and red streaks of morning had began to decorate the eastern sky, and the moon had given place to the coming lamp of day, when our two searchers of supernatural visitants to earth reached the abode of departed friends. A long drawn sigh followed by a piercing scream from McWhine, now turned the attention of Pratt to the road, his inquiring looks had been hitherto directed into the grave yard. Both stopped, as a tall, indistinct figure, wrapped in a cloak emerged from the trees, and advanced towards them. Pratt tranquilly awaited what he saw was a man evidently walking with pain, but every limb of McWhine shook as the former object of dread approached.

"Thou art early out this morning, friend," said the collected Pratt to the stranger.

"I may repeat the observation," was the reply, in a hoarse and hollow, but in no otherwise very unusual human voice.

"Thou hast been contemplating amongst the tombs," rejoined Pratt, "I hope thy meditations have been pleasing, and may be profitable."

"You have my gratitude for your good wishes," was the rather evasive reply.

"Thou art under very small obligation for either," rejoined Pratt, "but I have a favour to ask of thee, which to do, may cost thee some trouble. It is to convince this friend of mine, James McWhine, that thou art really in the flesh."

The stranger very kindly taking the trembling hand of McWhine, which he pressed cordially, observing with a smile, speaking sorrow beneath, "You feel the hand of a being as yourself, James; alive in a world which may be called a house of mourning. Sincerely sorry I am if my unseasonable visit to this house of silence and rest has given you or any one else pain.

"God be praised for all his dispensations," ejaculated McWhine, as he followed the stranger and Pratt Thatcher, who now took the road towards the Red Lion.

Pratt Thatcher, though now something advanced in life, was still a hale and strong man, and seeing his new acquaintance moving in evident weakness, without ceremony took his arm, and addressing him in a friendly tone observed, "Friend, I am afraid thou hast spent a sleepless night. I am the keeper of the Red Lion in Bellevue, and if thou will sojourn with us, thou mayest receive what thou very much needest—refreshment and repose;" and casting a sarcastic eye over to James, rejoined, "and canst there complete the conviction of our friend here, that thou art yet mortal man."

"Your invitation I very gadly accept, not that I feel much additional inconvenience from my rigids," replied the stranger, and subjoined, "The character of your house has reached me long ere this morning, and it is probable, if convenient to you that I may remain with you some time, and if so, can have leisure to dissipate the unbelief of your friend in my mortality."

With the latter expressions the group reached the steps of the front door of the Red Lion, in which stood Rebecca anxiously awaiting their return, and caught the rather waggish look of Pratt as he exclaimed, "James and I have performed a miracle this morning—we have raised a man from the tombs."

"Thou art witty, Pratt," replied his soul's far better part, "this stranger appeareth in life."

"This honest man thought otherwise not long since," replied the stranger, smiling and turning to the still very serious McWhine, added, "I cannot believe that if I ever do return from the dead, it will be my purpose to injure the living, though many living have injured me."

"Enter my house," said Pratt, "I hope, friend, thou mayest not be devoured in it, although an open mouthed Lion stands at the threshold."

"Much hope and little fardwells in my heart yet," replied the stranger, as he handed his cloak to Pratt Thatcher, who in taking it observed,

"Thy hopes shall be fulfilled at present by a good breakfast, and then a quiet room and bed, in which to rest and repose thyself after the watchfulness of last night, and all this my Rebecca will provide."

Breakfast over, the stranger was led into a room vieing with many a proud saloon. The furniture was of the best materials, plain but handsome. Flower-pots were fancifully and profusely arranged in the windows, and on the hearth and mantle-piece. In an ante-chamber, at once a bed-room and library, stood two well stored book-cases, open and ready to dispense their treasures to any hand stretched to receive them. From the western windows of the main room opened a lengthened landscape up and down the deep river vale, and over which the now far rising sun had spread a lustre of gold. With his whole mind engaged on the glowing picture before him, while seated by and leaning his right arm on one of the windows let us leave this stranger, and return some years in retrospect.

Peggy Ridgeway and Thomas Stillwood, were only two out of the many thousands, who, according to the old homely but expressive proverb, 'bite their noses to spite their faces." Of all her many suitors or lovers, Stillwood was the secretly preferred one by herself, and the preferred one by her family, but human nature had its perverse character to report on this, as on too many occasions, and the bouncing, flashing, and superficial Simpson Harvey, was to all outward appearance preferred to the modest, retiring, yet richly endowed Thomas Stillwood. Some philosopher has said, and I repeat it, that either a man or a woman may make a large expenditure to procure happiness, and be sadly disappointed; but that no one, who has ever made due arrangements to secure misery has been disappointed. Such was the case with our heroine Peggy Ridgeway.

We have observed that the rival of Stillwood, Simpson Harvey, was a man of surface, but that, however, related only to his intellectual endowments; as far as a malignant heart could go, no man was deeper, and as no scruples of either honour or conscience stood in his way, he succeeded where very superior men often failed. Another advantage Harvey possessed in an eminent degree, and in the very point where Stillwood was most deficient. Rebuffs, neglects, and slights, slid over the heart of Harvey, as smooth as one piece of ice over another, whilst such treatment sunk into the very soul of his rival. With two such men and such a woman, the contest had a natural issue. The real lover, the wounded Stillwood, quit the field, and Simpson Harvey became the husband of Peggy Ridgeway.

A fine woman is *something* in the eyes of all men, but a heavy purse is *every thing* in the heart of some men, and amongst the rest of similar cast, Simpson Harvey. A year had not sanctified their union, until that most bitter of all experience, opened the eyes and wrung the soul of Peggy Harvey, she found herself neglected, nor had she long to brood over neglect, she had personal insult to receive. In that most trying of all situations, in which a virtuous woman can be placed, the once admired Peggy saw no hope for the future beaming from that eye of all others in which the sun of hope ought to shine, and leaving a newborn daughter, the cord of life gave way, and white stone in the Presbyterian burying ground of Bellevue, spread a cold record of the tenant beneath.

There is a feature in human conduct which, though I have often seen, I am as in my earliest youth unable to account for, and it is the indifference with which the public will witness oppression, while the oppressed is in life to suffer, and the rage with which the same public will pursue the oppressor, the moment death has secured the victim from all injury. If Simpson Harvey did not make the discovery of this inherent trait of character inman before, he soon did so after the death of his wife. Very fond of fine coats and fine horses, a be was of his own really fine person, he had to encounter something worse to him than either the slights or tears of woman, he had to bear the severe taunts of irritated men, and taunts that met his ear and eyes where or when he made his appearance; nor was it long until he found that those popular sentiments were not quite as pleasing as a fourth of July toast though full as heart-burning. In brief it was wrath which scorched him out of the neighbourhood of Bellevue, but with him, as usual, innocence had to suffer; his infant daughter was dragged away from the tomb of her mother, before we little heart could regret her double bereavement.

Again time was called upon to throw the mantle of forgetfulness over the oppressed and oppressor, and the names of Simpson Harvey and that of his wife faded from general recollection. The tenderness of an aged father placed a stone over a beloved daughter, and in a few months laid his head beside her on a pillow of dust.—Only one remained to mourn over the departed, and that one borne away, perhaps never to learn the names of mother or grand-father.

Years were added to the history of men and nations, children had become men and women and amongst other children who passed the flowing days of infancy and were entering the thorny field of life, were Richard Thatcher and his sister Ellen, and so stood matters when poor James McWhine thought himself in presence of a disembodied spirit. There are in this world, a certain species of people who never have the smallest laudable, but an overwhelming share of idle, obtrusive curiosity, and of this pragmatic class, Bellevue had its full share. The flight of McWhine soon got wind, and the very mysterious ghost story was spoiled by the discovery that it was a man after all. But who this man was that was the question? and a torturing question it became, which those in the secret seemed to think too good a mystery to give away, or plump into every mouth gaping wide to swallow it, whatever might be its dimensions.

"The strange gentleman at the Red Lion," as he was called, kept himself incog. as if in the plot to burn into cinders, many whose hearts were on fire to find out who "The strange gentleman" could be.

James McWhine was one of those men, who, though in an humble situation, neither used or permitted impertinence. One of these male gossips, who consider a secret as a common right, and who can never be made to regard otherwise than as an injustice, any private claim to secrecy, and who at the same time, thought himself a very Ulysses in cunning, determined to benefit the public by means of the simplicity of the hostler of the Red Lion. Taking occasion to meet James, who was on his way to plough an eight, the "Good morning James," and "Good morning sir," were exchanged, as the former proceeded without stopping; but his acquaintance had too much to accomplish to lose a fine opportunity, and carelessly in appearance, called after James to stop, which was complied with.

"I'll tell you what, James, I have made a bet."

"A bet," replied James dryly.

"Yes! a bet, and I'll tell you what it is; I have bet that I can guess the name of "The stranger at the Red Lion. Do you know his name?"

"I do, perfectly well," replied James, and though I never made a bet before, I'll offer you one now; come, a five dollars, that you and me are thinking the same thing Mr. Simper." Now thinks, Mr. Simper, I'll have the same, replied with a careless laugh, "well James I take."

"A bet it is then, and on honour Mr. Simper"——"on honor," replied Simper.

"Then," observed James with inimitable gravity, "You think James McWhine a fool, and James McWhine thinks Tobias Simper a fool."

If any of my readers has ever seen an eager sportsman firing away at a flock of pigeons, and then see the smoke and all the pigeons flying away together, such person may imagine the expression of countenance of Tobias Simper, as James gave a "ye ho" to his horses and jogged on. But the colloquy, as events turned out, was of more consequence to Mr. Simper than he would have been well pleased to have foreseen, as we shall see in the sequel of our veritable tale.

The path leading from the skirts of Bellevue to the outfield of Pratt Thatcher, wound down a bank; on the left commenced a field, and on the right the brow of the hill was covered with thick underwood, and some trees. For some ordinary reason, Pratt Thatcher had that morning sauntered into this very brush-wood, and was within a few yards from the two betters when they met and when they parted. After James went on, Pratt stood still, neither attempting to conceal or discover himself to the discomfited Simper, but the latter finally turned his course without suspecting any one near, and wended his way into the village, as in due time so did Pratt Thatcher.

Now this very adroit diplomatist, this same Tobias Simper, was a member of a family, not one of whom was ever depressed by an excess of humility, or suffered by underrating their own merits, and in full confidence of success in the election, Tobias had offered himself as a candidate for the very desirable office of husband to Ellen Thatcher. It has been said, that some generals have lost battles, by using too many skilful manœuvres, which counteracted each other. Without pretending to say any of Simper's movements were very skilful, we may only observe he thought they were, and for the moment, with the reader in company, we shall leave the young general to his tactics and in imagination and invisible, go and seat ourselves in family council in the private sitting room of Pratt and Rebecca Thatcher.

Scowling winter winds had commenced to strew the earth with the many coloured honors of autumn, and a keen air made a clean hearth and blazing fire more than merely cheerful.—Pratt Thatcher, with his companion of years were seated on one side and their son and daughter opposite the fire, whilst an arm chair newly dressed, once the sitting chair of Thomas Stillwood, stood empty on the side opposite Pratt and Rebecca, and beside the chair, a small reading table and on it two very brilliant candles, and a roll of paper. Behind the chair sat the placid James McWhine. All were silent as if ceremoniously awaiting some person on a very momentous occasion. They waited not long, as the door soon opened and in walked a man whose gait and hair bore the marks of age prematurely ripened by care. As soon as he entered the room, Pratt rose, and taking him by the hand led him to the arm chair, observing, "Thomas Stillwood, in my heart I could never indulge a fear but that I would again see thee in that chair."

"Faithful stewards have you all been," said Stillwood, "and a family together shall we be; but I have promised a short history of my wanderings and here it is."

"You may well remember, Pratt Thatcher, that it was a matter of some doubt between us, on the eve of my leaving Bellevue whether I was mad or not. We came to the conclusion that I was not, but to myself at least, the matter still remains doubtful, and was it not for one circumstance in my conduct at the time, I should yield the point. My neglected affairs were put into safe hands, and that was certainly a proof of sanity.

"With a pocket only tolerably well filled, I found myself in Wheeling; but thanks to the admirable lessons of the only parent, indeed only relation I ever remember, to whom I had any right to feel attached, my truly beloved mother, my habits never were either expensive or penurious, the sum therefore in my possession, when I rose in the morning after my arrival at Wheeling, was to me wealth. In the same room in which I slept, or rather wished to sleep, lay also another traveller, whose groanings and tossings kept me wide awake, and in the morning before either of us were up, I took an Irishman's liberty, and observed to my room companion that he "appeared to be very much disturbed in mind." "Distracted—wretched," replied the sufferer. Let me now speak of myself in the third person, and as such, Thomas Stillwood replied, "Then young man you are indeed either very much to be pitied, or blamed."

"Both," replied my mournful acquaintance, and as Stillwood remained silent and attentive he continued. "A burning, consuming sin lies on my head, a young, beautiful and innocent wife"——And here he stopped, as if choked.

"Whom you have certainly not abandoned." said Stillwood.

"Whom I have abandoned, villain that I am."

"Why not turn and go back to her?" interrupted Stillwood.

"The worst is to tell," replied the writhing wretch," I have her property, all her property, here in merchandize, and cannot, without adding robbery to my already too great offences, return.——My Maria would forgive and receive me in rags, and that I dread most."

"In brief," interrupted Stillwood, "you have converted your wife's property into merchandize, and, pardon me, absconded.—Have you really repented?"

"As I hope"—

"Don't be rash again," subjoined Stillwood, "but, if any person was now to take your goods at a fair price and pay you for them in money, would you return to your family?" His look was a better answer than ten thousand observations, and Stillwood continued:

"Young man I am under very great obligation to you, which I hope you will enable me to repay. When I lay down on this bed last night I thought myself the most miserable wretch alive, but you have convinced me to the contrary, for guilt lies not on my mind. Now let us rise and take a walk and while doing so, we may understand each other better." This we did. The morning was cheerful and bracing, and we were soon on that hill behind Wheeling, affording a prospect, which a man must be wretched indeed to see without pleasure.—When they rose the height Stillwood resumed:

"Have you any acquaintance here."

"Mr. —— a very respectable merchant of this place, is a very particular acquaintance and friend of my father; me he does not know, nor does he know that I am here."

"Very well," replied Stillwood, "Mr. —— is also a particular friend of mine, he does not know I am here, but I intended to call upon him this morning, and if you choose to go with me, make yourself known, and assure me that your invoice is your own, and also get the pledge of your father's friend that you will at once return, and restore to your wife her husband and property, I will purchase and pay for your merchandise in money."

"Wheeling hill is very steep, but happily not a precipice, or it is probable the young sinner would have bounded over it with excess of joy."

In fine, in two days more, young —— was on his return, and Thomas Stillwood once again a merchant. New scenes in some degree, aided by active employment, served to divert the mind of Stillwood, but there was one recollection lying at the bottom, which no scene in nature, nor event of life would remove. Adopting a kind of rambling mercantile pursuit, between peddling and store-keeping, the beautiful new towns of the West were visited in turn, and at the end of three years, Stillwood was in New Orleans, and sitting one evening in a coffee-room, with a newspaper in hand, a group of four or five young men came in, one of whom Stillwood recognised. They were from the neighbourhood of Bellevue—traders. Stillwood, disguised in a wig of flaming red hair, had no fear of being mutually known by a very slight acquaintance, sat still as if very intent on his journal, but most anxiously intent on the conversation of the young traders.

"By ——," said one, "that actress we saw last night was a killer."

"Pshaw," replied another, "alongside of what Peggy Ridgeway was, that French player woman would be as rough as the sides of my flat-boat."

"Ah, poor Peggy," very feelingly said a third, a fine young man, who, if he had said no more, would have won the heart of Stillwood, but he continued, as the others were also interested, strongly looking their feelings. "Poor Peggy has ceased to pay the forfeit of not knowing her own mind in time"—and then went on to state in substance, though with the common extravagance of mere report, what you know and repeated to me since my return, with one addition, however, and that was an account of the death of Thomas Stillwood, who had drowned himself in the Monongahela. The person most interested, in the general tenor of the conversation, was in fact pleased with its closing part, as he then wished to remain dead to all he once knew, and I forgot to tell you sooner, now went by his mother's maiden name Nesbitt. The young men after heartily cursing Harvey and deploring the fate and folly of Stillwood, departed to their lodgings.

Stillwood on his pillow reflected that if he remained in New Orleans some of his Pennsylvania acquaintance would recognise him sooner or later, under any disguise, determined once more to change his residence. How often do we pursue that with passion, which we have undertaken from chagrin or caprice. If Stillwood had committed a murder, he could not have been much more anxious of concealment; and as James Nesbitt, in a few days, he was in the depths of Florida, and in a few more months, a half store keeper, and half tanner on the banks of Bogue Chits.

The world seemed indeed now shut out—or to Thomas Stillwood—his former world appeared as we may suppose this life will be in some degree, remembered after death. Dull years rolled on, and to him in great part valuable wealth flowed on James Nesbitt. The reports of the country he had left, never in one solitary case reached his ear, and a stray newspaper or casual traveller gave the only intelligence of what was passing beyond the stillness and solitude of his secluded neighbourhood.

Some few miles below the residence of Nesbitt, and on the same river, resided a man who was there known by the name of Morley, and who came there, with a considerable property and amongst the residue, some slaves, under circumstances which occasionally excited suspicion and remark; but as he was utterly unknown, these remarks were merely whispered and passed into nothing like as their species generally. Although, however, another man made his appearance in Florida, and announced himself as Charles Morley, the brother of Tarleton Morley, the first comer, Charles Morley was utterly disclaimed by Tarleton and pronounced an impostor, but the former was not to be got rid of in that manner; he instituted a suit as co-heir to their father, and co-owner of the slaves in possession of Tarleton, and besides, claimed a large sum in money. That they were brothers, most persons who had seen them both at once, concluded to be fact from their personal resemblance, and also their close consanguinity was confirmed by an intensely rancorous hatred, only found in family contests. Stillwood had never seen or wished to see either; of course knew them only from common and very unfavourable report.

On the first trial a decision was made against Charles, who appealed to a higher court, and in the interim the contending brothers met, had a most violent personal altercation, which terminated by a blow from Tarleton, who was much the most athletic. A few days after this quarrel between the two brothers, in an open street, had excited the regret of a few and the rude remarks of the many, Thomas Stillwood was disturbed very early in the morning, before day indeed, by the arrival at his door of a negro man with a led horse and saddle and a note in these words.

"For God's sake, make no delay,—come with the servant—lose not a moment."

No name was signed, but the servant told Stillwood, that he belonged to Tarleton Morley, and that, on that night some person had entered his master's bed room, and stabbed him in several places; that the note was written in very great haste by the overseer.

What possible motive could influence Morley to so anxiously wish to see a total stranger, St

ADDRESS.

Written at the request of the Association for the relief of Disabled Firemen, by Robt. T. Conrad, Esq. and delivered at the Walnut and Chesnut street Theatres.

The city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent, falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready tongues wrap each aching head.
Toil'd is the stir of labour and of life,
Hush'd is the hum, and tranquil'z'd the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave or careless, those that joy or weep,
All, rest contented on the arm of Sleep.

Sweet is the pillow'd rest of beauty now,
And slumber an les upon her tranquil brow;
Bright are her dreams, yes bright as heaven's own blue,
Pure as its rays and gentle as its dew.
They lead her forth, along the moon-lit ride,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side.
'Tis summer's eve. The soft gales scarcely rouse,
The low-voic'd ripple and the rustling boughs;
And, faint and far, some melting minstrel's tune
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When hark! Oh horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that wh ch fills the midnight air?
"I a fire! 'tis fire! She wakes, to dream no more!
The hot blas rushe-th ough the b zing door;
The room is dunn'd with smoke; and hark! that cry!
"Help! help! Will no one a d? I die—I die!"
She seeks the casement: shudd'ring at its height,
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her flight—
Along the crackling stairs they wildly play,
And roar, exulting, as they se ze their prey.
"Help! help! Will no one come?" She can no more,
But pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save her? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when Hope itself is gone;
When all have fled, when all but he would fly,
The Fireman comes to rescue or to die!
He mounts the stair—it wavers 'neath his tread;
H seeks the room—flames flash round his head;
He bursts the door; he hits her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.
The fire blast smites him, with its stifling breath;
The falling timbers menace him with death;
The sinking floors his hurried step betray,
And ruin crushes round his desperate way.
Not smoke obscures—ten thousand cinders rise—
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize.
He leaps from burning stair to stair. On! On!
Courage! One effort more, and all is won!
The stair is passed—the blazing hall is braved!
Safe out! Yes on! Once more! *Thank Heaven, she's saved!*

The hardy seaman pants the storm to brave,
For beck'ning Fortune woos him from the wave;
The soldier battles 'neath his smoky shroud,
For Glory's bow is painted on the cloud:
The Fireman, alas, dare each shape of death—
But not for fortune's gold, nor glory's wreath.
No selfish throbs within their breasts are known;
No hope of praise or profit cheers them on:
They ask no meed—no fame; and only seek,
To shield the suff'ring and protect the weak!
For this, the howling midnight storm they woo;
For this, the raging flames rush fearless through;
Mount the frail stair, thread the smoky hall,
Or toil, enchaining, 'm ain the tottering wall.
Nobler than these, who, with fraternal blood,
Die fire dread field, or tinge the shudd'ring flood—
O'er their firm ranks no crimson banners wave,
They dare—they suffer—not to slay—*but save!*
At such a sight, Hope smiles more heavenly bright;
Pale, pensive Pity trembles with delight;
And soft-eyed Mercy, stooping from above,
Drops a bright tear—a tear of joy and love!

And shou'd the Fireman, generous true and brave,
Fall as he toils the weak to shield and save,—
Shall no kind friend, no mourn'ring hand be found
To pour the balm of comfort in his wound?
Or—hould he perish, shall his orphans say—
"He died for them—but what for us did they?
Say, is it thus we should his toils require?
Forbid it, justice, gratitude and right!
Forbid it, ye who dread what he endures;
Forbid it, ye whose slumbers he secures;
Forbid it, ye whose hoards he toils to save;
Forbid it, *all* ye generous, just and brave!
And, above all, ye you his friends, ye fair,
For you were ever his especial care;
Give to his cause your smiles, your gentle aid—
The Fireman's wounds are heal'd—the orphan's tears are dry'd!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Sketches of the Western Bar.

THE GREAT COLUMBUS CAUSE.

No. II.

The Great Columbus Cause, as it was called, was an action of ejectment brought to recover the ground on which Columbus, the capitol of Ohio, now stands. The town is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Scioto, and contained at the time, a population of some two thousand inhabitants, many fine private buildings and improvements, and the public buildings of the state, including the State House and Offices, Court House, Penitentiary, &c. As the case has never been reported, and having a brief memorandum now in my possession, containing the principal points that arose on the trial, I will here insert them, knowing they may at least possess some degree of interest for the profession.

The plaintiffs claimed as heirs at law of John Allen. Allen was a refugee from Nova Scotia, and had settled in New Hampshire. By certain acts of congress, he was entitled to a quantity of land, and in 1802, the tract for which the suit was brought, was patented to him by the United States. In 1801, John Allen conveyed to his son George W. Allen, all the lands to which he was entitled under the acts of congress. In 1805, George W. Allen mortgaged the premises in dispute, to John Langdon, Jr. This mortgage was recorded in Franklin county, where the land lay, and under it the land was sold and purchased by Lyne Sterling and others in 1809, who were the present defendants, and who had been in possession ever since.

The deed from John Allen to George W. Allen, was not to be found. The parole evidence relied on, was the declarations of the grantor that he had sold: the deel ration of his heirs to the same effect; the reciting in the mortgage to Langdon, the deed from John Allen to George W. Allen; and referring to the Notarial Book; and the rough draught of a deed prepared by an Attorney under the direction of John Allen; that these all were dead before the commencement of any suit. That no claim had been set up by the heirs from the death of John Allen in 1808 till 1822, although some of them knew of the mortgage of Langdon.

The plaintiffs objected to the sufficiency of the testimony to prove the deed; but suppose it sufficient, the deed itself was objected to because given before the patent issued, and the claim by act of congress is not assignable. The plaintiffs also objected to the validity of the sale under the mortgage, because it did not appear there had been an appraisement which the statute required.

Defendants admitted that the claim was not assignable so that the patent could be taken out in the assignees name, but contended that by such assignment the equitable interest would pass; and secondly, that the deed operated by Estopple, and lastly by warranty.

That as to the appraisement required, that would be presumed under the circumstances. Such are briefly the prominent points that arose on the trial.

So much was a recovery feared, that some of the inhabitants who had erected valuable improvements, compromised with the plaintiffs giving them a certain sum, to have their titles confirmed, knowing that Mr. Sterling, the only one of the original grantors that might be called at all responsible, would be utterly unable, respectable as his fortune was, to indemnify them in the event of a recovery by the plaintiffs. But Sterling had left nothing undone that assiduity or expense could accomplish, to defend his cause, and protect those who claimed under him. With this view, he employed and liberally fee'd, Henry Baldwin of Pittsburg, now one of the judges of the supreme court of the United States, Thomas Ewing, now in the Senate from Ohio, and Edward King, Charles Hammond, Abraham Scott, Wilcox and others were counsel for the plaintiffs. The cause on either side, which was tried before Judge Trimble, was conducted with great ability. It was opened for the plaintiffs by Hammond, who is an excellent lawyer, and a very talented, public man. King had in the course of the trial, some interlocutory questions assigned to him, which occupied some hours and a ball in the discussion; and so for his eloquence was concerned, there was nothing superior to this effort during the trial. Few men indeed, have a better delivery than King. He possesses a great fluency, his voice is clear, powerful, and always well modulated, and above all, his delivery may be said to be characterized in all respects, by good taste. There was always to me, for I have often heard him, a charm in his manner, in his noble, bold, chivalrous sort of bearing, and to which his gestures, open, free and easy, and the very intonations of his voice seemed to correspond and bear witness. I should doubt whether he possessed the fire and ardor, that is said to have belonged to his father, Rufus King, whose biographer states of him, that on one occasion, while replying to Aaron Burr, in the Senate of the United States, he leaned with both feet clear from the floor, and adds to extravagant as his movement, might seem, he did not appear awkward, so entirely was it the result of spoken or passion. But Ned King is certainly very clever and accomplished, and I do'n't know that I ever met with a public speaker whose model I felt more inclined to form myself upon, (I knew him before some to the bar,) and this is perhaps, the highest compliment one man can pay another in this way.

Ewing had made him self perfect master of his cause, displayed throughout the trial, a great deal of learning and talents.

All eyes were turned to the "great Henry Baldwin," as it now fell to his lot, to sum up on behalf of defence, and many, even at this stage of the trial, seemed to rest their hopes upon the success of that effort. If ever there was a subject or an occasion, calculated to call forth the best efforts of the orator, it was this. The importance of the subject matter in dispute, the great interest universally felt by the inhabitants of the town, directly involving as it did, the fortunes of many, and the prospects of all as connected with the growth and prosperity of the place; add to this, the position of the advocate himself, appearing for the first time before the court and bar of Ohio, with a great reputation to sustain, and a great and difficult cause to defend, opposed as he was too, by some of the leading men of that bar, and we see every motive, calculated to appeal to the interests, feelings, or ambition of the man, concentrated to call forth all that was within him. And "the Pennsylvania lawyer" did not disappoint any, but fully sustained himself and more. I has often seen and heard Mr., now Judge Baldwin, since, while he was yet at the bar, but never when he appeared to such advantage. His figure is good and commanding, and he has one of the finest shaped heads ever placed upon a man's shoulders, and which he had a way, when earnestly engaged, of shaking in a manner very significant—calculated to mark certain passages with great emphasis.—This with the frequent use of his right arm, particularly that part from the elbow down, with the fore finger pointed, constituted almost his only gestures. When approaching a conclusion, he turned to Ewing, and asked him in an under voice, if he had noticed sufficiently all the points. Ewing mentioned to him that he might as well add a few words more to some part to which he called his attention, when Baldwin resumed, or rather continued, for he never appeared at a loss for either words or ideas, and so inexhaustible do both seem, that I never could tell while he was at the bar, when he was about concluding. It was this I suppose, that induced some one to say (I have heard Ben Hardin of Kentucky, quoted for the remark) that "Baldwin was always in the middle of his speech."—It could only apply to the manner—the appearance, for with him, the "end" was not "unknown to the bag maning;" his mind being naturally logical, and his demonstrations always most happy. After speaking some fifteen or twenty minutes longer, and when in the act of taking his seat, Mr. Scott pointed out some thirty volumes of books, as many as covered one of the tables, which he said he wished to call Mr. Baldwin's attention too, in addition to those previously cited. Mr. Baldwin at first complained, that the counsel should have reserved to this period of the cause so many authorities, not only, not allowing him time to examine them, but compeling him after concluding his argument, to remain. After some explanation however, from Mr. S., he commenced their examination. And here his recollection, and knowledge of cases, contained in the reports, both ancient and modern, with which he is probably more familiar than all at any man at the American bar, stood him in good need. It was quite a treat. He picked up the books in the order, in which they were referred to, and the moment he turned to the case, seemed to know generally without reading even so much as the marginal note, what it contained, and what it was cited for. As to this case, he would say it had been overruled by some later one, to which he would call the attention of the court. As to another, the case bore no analogy, and he would show wherein it did not, and there'fore it was no authority at all. A third was analogous, and good authority, but authority decidedly for his position; and on he went, not only successfully defending himself, but seeming to turn his adversary's own weapons age nst him, and such tact, skill, and ingenuity, did he display in encountering Scott's *corps de reserve*, that before he got through, he had a good deal excited the risible feelings of the bar, and finally resumed his seat amid the all surpassed manifestations of admiration and applause. Scott was not prepared for this, and when he rose to reply, evinced the greatest degree of embarrassment. He stammered out a few words, and finally complaining that his authorities had got disarranged, the court observed they would take a recess of fifteen minutes to allow Mr. Scott time to arrange his authorities. But in half the time, he had collected himself, his mind having obviously to all, been much more disarranged than his authorities, and the Judge not having left the bench, the cause progressed, and Mr. Scott concluded a good, and lawyer-like argument. Judge Trimble then immediately delivered the opinion of the court, *deciding the cause in favour of the defendants.*

This result so much hoped for by the citizens of the town, yet so much doubted of, and so long and anxiously waited for, very naturally when it came to be known out of doors, occasioned the strongest manifestations of joy. The principal hotel was thrown open in the evening to all, and tables set out, covered with a profusion of every thing. A fine band of music stationed in the porch, responded to the toast, song, and merriment within, which was kept up to a late hour of the night, and when the company adjourned from here, the music accompanied by crowds of the people, continued to parade the streets till near morning, serenading the successful counsel, and the populace shouting their names—as "Hurra! for Henry Baldwin!" "Hurra for the great Pennsylvanian lawyer!" "Hurra! for Ewing!" and "Hurra! for Ned King too!" King however, next morning good humouredly complained, that though he had been kept awake all night, it was but to listen to the names of his colleagues, except an occasional solo that might give utterance to his own. King, I have before said, did not enter upon a general discussion of the cause, and this may probably exp ain why he did not buy so many "golden opinions from all sorts of people," as his senior colleagues.

Thus ended the great Columbus cause, for though the plaintiffs took an appeal to the Supreme court of the U. States, I think it was ultimately abandoned, even without argument.

I reserve to another occasion, the grateful task of recording what I recollect of the distinguished Judge, and truly great and good man who presided at the trial, and who is now alas! no more; a biographical notice of whom, supposed to be from the pen of Daniel Webster, and a short "memoir by an eminent judicial character of Kentucky," may be seen in the first number of the American Jurist; and if I can add nothing to what has been, here so well and eloquently said, even on a few brief pages, still I may be permitted to furnish a few little incidents, along with such faithful impressions as my mind received while attending the court, where he presided, or as were obtained in the more familiar intercourse of his society, off the bench, to which his kindness and partiality admitted me.

To be Continued.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, February 14.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.
☞ Advertisements from a distance, are not inserted in this paper, unless paid for in advance.
☞ When addressing the publisher concerning subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"Mother Mathew," a translation by H. H. will be published.

"Melancholy," by Tyro, shall have a place in a week or two.

The tale by X. is from the hand of a novice, who displays very little skill in the connection of words and sentences. It is too incorrect for publication.

"N. Y. Z." we cannot oblige.

The article on February 22d, needs a careful revision.

We owe an apology to the gentlemen whose conversations are detailed in "Evenings at Niel's" for the delay in the publication of No. 6. It was in type for last week, but was crowded out by a press of matter. This week we are similarly situated, but the number shall be inserted in our next, without fail.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Carey, Lea & Blanchard have in press, a new work from the pen of J. F. Kennedy, Esq. of Baltimore, author of "Swallow Barn," entitled "Horse Shoe Robinson—a tale of the Tory Ascendency." This Robinson, says a contemporary, was a character well known in the war of the Revolution, which he long survived, and furnished the author with much of his history. The time is that of the Tory Ascendancy in the South, under Cornwallis, from the surrender of Charleston to the battle of King's Mountain.

We learn from the New Yorker, that the complete works of Paulding are now in the course of publication by the Messrs. Harpers. The series will commence with his earliest serious effort—"Salmagundi"—and conclude with his latest—"Westward Ho"—embracing fourteen distinct works, besides a great number of lighter sketches, tales, &c. &c. "Salmagundi" will be given entire, although written in conjunction with Washington Irving and his brother William. Mr. Paulding's works are too well known to require recommendation.

Morris Mattson, Esq. of this city, has nearly completed a work of fiction, upon which he has been engaged for some time past. It will be published by the Harpers.

"Tales and Poems—By the Author of Pelham," will soon be issued by the Harpers. It is presumed that the volume is composed of Mr. Bulwer's contributions to the literary periodicals of the day—especially while Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

"Allen Prescott—a Novel: By an American Lady," and "The Cavaliers of Virginia"—each in two volumes—are announced by the same publishers.

"A Winter in the West," by Mr. Charles Hoffman, of New York, will shortly be published in that city. An interesting work is anticipated.

The author of "Stephen Moreland," we understand, has another work in preparation.

The Philanthropist.—A specimen number of a new weekly newspaper to be published in this city under this title, has appeared. It is designed to aid the cause of temperance, education, pauper reform, &c. and will be under the editorial supervision of Mr. John Stuart.

The Christian Library.—We have received Nos. 25, 26, 27, and 28 of this work, containing the following works—"The anxious enquirer after salvation," "Eternity Realized," "A Moral Demonstration showing that the Religion of Jesus Christ is from God," "The Rectory of Valehead," and "Memoir of Mrs. Judson." C. P. Fessenden is the agent for the work in this city.

The February number of the Journal of the Franklin Institute has just appeared. It contains a variety of useful articles relating to science, and among others, two translations from foreign journals upon the employment of Hot Air in smelting Iron with charcoal, by Mr. Samuel V. Merrick. These papers, we understand, will be continued, in order to throw all possible light on the subject of smelting iron, now of considerable importance to the iron masters of this state.

Works of Mrs. Sherwood.—The eighth volume of the uniform edition of Mrs. Sherwood's works, has just been published by the Harpers, of New York. It contains Victoria; Arzoomund; The Birth-day present; The Errand Boy; The Orphan Boy; The Two Sisters; Juliet Percival; Edward Mansfield; The Infirmary; Mrs. Catherine Crawley; Joan, or Trustworthy; The Young Forester; The Bitter Sweet, and Common Errors,—all highly interesting stories with unexceptionable morals. This is certainly one of the most valuable collections of works now in the course of publication.

Lady Morgan's new work entitled the Princess, furnishes a brilliant display of her talents as a writer. The plot has the merit of singularity, and the incidents are sketched with much power. She paints British aristocracy in the most odious colours, but is probably not unjustly severe in her remarks on the foibles of high life. The leading fault in the novel is the immense number of French phrases and words to be found on every page, and which materially embarrass the unlearned reader.

Number five of the Franklin Library, just published, contains the conclusion of "Three Nights of a Life Time," and the commencement of "Jacob Faithful," one of the most amusing sketches ever written.

A very interesting periodical, called the Medical Magazine, is published semi-monthly in Boston. It is edited by Drs. Flint, Bartlett & Gould, and is well calculated to aid the investigation of the members of the profession. The number for February 1st, has just appeared. It contains articles on Hydrostatic Test, Endermic Medication, Revaccination, Medical Medley, Spurzheim's Brain, as well as a variety of selections under the head of Collectanea. The price of the work is $1 per annum.

WONDERFUL CHARACTERS.

The Harpers have just published, in a large octavo of 510 pages, a volume entitled "Wonderful Characters, comprising Memoirs and Anecdotes of the most remarkable persons of every age and nation. Collected from the most authentic sources. By Henry Wilson." In the preface the author states:—

"It will not unfrequently fall to our lot to direct the attention of our readers to characters remarkable for avarice and other vices, but their failings will not be held forth as worthy of imitation. We shall also embrace whatever is worthy of remark in the physical organization of man, in various ages and nations, as unusual instances of bulk, height, or diminutiveness of stature; strength, weakness or deformity; extreme longevity, and precocity of talent; with many interesting narratives of the want, famine, distress, and sufferings which human nature has been found capable of sustaining. Of the most extraordinary impostors who have in various ages attracted public attention some notice will also be given."

Among the characters sketched in the volume, are Bamfylde Moore Carew, Jeffery Hudson, Daniel Lambert, Samuel Foote, Macklin, Daniel Dancer, James Crichton, Old Boots, Bertholde, Howard, Joan D'Arc, Tranch, Marguret Finch, Peter the Wild Boy, Sir Richard Whittington, Beau Nash, Mozart, and about eighty others, in whose history there is a vast fund of amusement and instruction. We have scarcely ever taken up a more entertaining volume, and if we had space we could make many selections which would prove satisfactory to our readers. We hope, however, that all who have it in their power will procure a copy of the work, and we have said our reputation that they will not be disappointed in its contents. The compilor has made up the collection with much judgment, carefully avoiding all details that are not of general interest. The work is embellished with many engravings.

In the sketch of Samuel Foote, we notice the following anecdotes.

Foote, at a very early period of his life, formed acquaintance with Sir Francis Blake Delaval, which continued with uninterrupted friendship till the sudden death of the latter. The sorrow of Foote, on receiving intelligence of this event, was pungent and sincere.—He burst into a flood of tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for three days. On the fourth, Jewel, his treasurer, calling on him for the arrangement of some urgent business, he, with swollen eyes and faltering voice, inquired when Sir Francis was to be buried. "Not till the latter end of next week, sir," replied Jewel: "as I hear the surgeons intend first to dissect his head." This last expression, as in instances of madness, striking the chord of his ruling passion, he suddenly exclaimed: And what will they get there? I'm sure I have known poor Frank these five-and-twenty years, and I never could find any thing in it!"

A similar instance of the predominence of Foote's favourite passion was afforded by the death of Holland, of Drury lane Theatre, who was the son of a baker at Chiswick. Foote had a long intimacy with Holland and a sincere regard for him. He died of the small-pox, about the year 1768, leaving Foote a legacy, and appointing him one of the bearers at his funeral, which office he performed with sincere sorrow. Looking in at the Bedford Coffee-house the same evening, he was asked whether he had attended the remains of his old friend to Chiswick. "O yes, poor fellow," replied he, the tears scarcely dry upon his cheeks; "I have just seen him shoved into the family oven."

Mrs. Reddish playing the queen in Richard III. one evening at Drury-lane, and being of a very coarse masculine make, a gentleman asked Foote who she was. Being told that her name was Reddish, he exclaimed, "Reddish! Reddish! pray, what Reddish?"—"Why, 'zounds, sir," said Foote, "don't you see?—Horse-Reddish, to be sure."

Rich, the patentee of Convent-garden Theatre, had many eccentricities of character; and one of the number was his constant forgetfulness of the names of his performers, as well as those of his most intimate friends. In a conversation one day with Foote, he called him *Mustar Footy*. The other looking grave upon this, Rich made an apology, and said, "he was so unfortunate as ofty absent in that respect, that it was no unusual thing for him to forget his own name."—"Why that is singular enough," said Foote; "for though I knew you could never write it, I did not think you could forget it."

A person talking of an acquaintance of his who was so avaricious as to lament the prospect of his funeral expenses, though a short time before he had been censuring one of his relatives for a parsimonious temper, observed, "Now is it not strange that this man would not take the beam out of his own eye, before he attempted the mote in other people's?" "Why, so I dare say he would," cried Foote, "if he was sure of selling the timber."

A gentleman in the country, having just buried a rich relative, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who happened to be on a visit with him, of the very great expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hatbands, and other incidents. "Why do you bury your attornies here?" asked Foote, gravely. "Yes, to be sure we do: how else?" Oh! we never do that in London." "No!" said the other, much surprised: how do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off." "Indeed!" said the other, in amazement; "what becomes of him?" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter, is, that there's an strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Foote added one more to the melancholy catalogue of genius whose inadvertencies have involved them in continual embarrassments. Though the heir and possessor of three successive fortunes and the natural inheritor of as much wit and humour as ever fell to the lot of one man, yet was he so thoughtless about pecuniary affairs, that he was often at a loss for the supply of the day which was passing over him; and, except the income which he derived from the sale of his theatre, and which died with him, he did not leave as much behind him as discharged his funeral expenses.

Neglect of Postmasters.—The following article is from one of our exchange papers.

It has recently been decided upon a suit prosecuted at law in New York, that a postmaster who suffers newspapers to continue coming to his office without notifying the publisher that they are not taken out by the persons to whom they are directed—*must himself pay the printer the full amount of his bill for such untaken papers.* This is right. We have several such post-masters now on mind. After sending our paper to subscribers through their office for months and years, we have at last found out that the paper has not been taken out for a long time, and therefore payment is refused. Postmasters who, by their neglect of duty, will thus lead publishers into difficulty ought to be held liable for all the damages resulting from such neglect.

The loss to publishers of newspapers, from this source is immense, and it behooves all who are interested in the correction of the evil to unite in doing so. The following plan would be attended with good effects. In every case where a suit is brought, let the name of the Postmaster who has been guilty of this neglect of his duty, be published in the paper of the plaintiff, as a warning to other publishers.

There are other evils however, that cannot be so readily remedied. One is that arising from having a delinquent subscriber in the person of the Post master himself. Other subscribers can be spurred on to punctuality, by letters postage not paid, but a Postmaster is proof against such dons. As he pays no postage on letters addressed to him, he cannot be searched through the pocket. We once knew a case that would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer. It was that of a Post master in Cape May county, New Jersey, not far from Dennis Creek, who owed for a paper for two years. He would not take notice of any letters to him, and when the publisher resolved to bring a suit, he found that the only magistrate he could hear of at the place, was also a subscriber to his paper, and owed for three year's subscription.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

This is the last week of the exhibition of the Chinese Lady. Those who wish to see her, should wait upon her at once.

A fire broke out Monday evening, between 11 and 12 o'clock, in the fancy dry goods store of Miss B. L. Smith, No. 104 north Second near Race street. The contents of the store were entirely consumed, together with the furniture in the dwelling part of the house, and the whole interior of the building, a three story brick.

We learn with pleasure that the arrangements for the building of the tow boats, progress very rapidly. The sooner they are built and in use, the better. They will find abundant employment.

The bill authorising the Philadelphia and Trenton Rail Road Company to construct a viaduct across the Delaware, was read a third time and passed, in the State Senate on Saturday last.

Eighty two delegates have already been elected to the anti-masonic Convention, to assemble at Harrisburg on the Fourth of March next.

A man named Barnabas M'Mullin, was killed at Mercersburg, on Wednesday week, by another called James Ring. The latter is in Chambersburg prison. Both were in a drunken frolic.

A letter from Washington City, says—"It is rumored that a gallant officer of the Navy—formerly of the Navy, I should have said—has threatened to cut off the Fourth Auditor's ears.

Lawrence, the maniac assassin, still continues in his cell, and refuses to have any intercourse with the world. He says that he is "a king, every inch a king," and demands the reins of the government of the United States. The poor fellow is as mad as any madman need be.

Slavery in Kentucky.—A resolution was recently introduced into the Senate of Kentucky, proposing the call of a Convention to amend the Constitution of that State, so as to introduce the gradual abolition of Slavery. It was finally lost by a vote of 19 to 19.

The correspondent of the Alexandria Gazette says: "Mr. J. Q. Adams, in the House to day, spoke in the highest terms of the President's Message sent in relation to our French affairs; and his remarks were of the most decided warlike character. Indeed, every person with whom I have conversed (members of Congress and others) are unanimous in the opinion that there will be a WAR WITH FRANCE."

It is understood that the Postmaster General has appointed Dr. Richard C. Mason, of Virginia, the Treasurer and Chief Clerk of the Post Office Department, in the room of the Rev. O. B. Brown, resigned. —*Globe.*

New York has succeeded in making her Penitentiaries productive. The income of the two State Prisons at Auburn and at Mount Pleasant, over their ordinary expenses, exclusive of the support of the female convicts, was $28,892 42, for the last fiscal year, and *over all expenses, six thousand seven hundred and sixteen dollars.*

At a large and respectable meeting of the anti-masons of Mercer county, held at the Court House, on the 22d ult. John McLean, of Ohio, was recommended as a suitable candidate for the Presidency. A number of respectable gents in this State, Jackson, Whig, and anti-masonic, advocate the claims of Judge McLean.

A resolution was adopted on the 21st Jan. in the House of Representatives of Ohio, for the appointment of a joint committee to inquire into the expediency of effecting a purchase by the State of Ohio from the United States of all the lands belonging to the United States within the boundary of that state.

United States Bank Stock sold in New York on Saturday at 106¾.

In trying a new locomotive on the rail road in Lexington, Ky. by an accident, several persons were thrown from a temporary passenger car. One man was killed instantly, two had each a leg broken, and several others were much bruised.

The bill to amend the act to incorporate the *Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal Company* has passed through the House of Representatives of Ohio, by a decided majority.

One of the Alabama Senators writes to Major Noah that the name of Judge White has been brought before the public without any consultation with him—that he has had no agency in it, and *will have none in causing it to be withdrawn*,—and that his nomination is to be subject to no Convention or Caucus whatever.

We learn that a wagon and team, while crossing the Kentucky river, at Lewis's Ferry in a float boat, together, with the boat, sunk, and most shocking to relate, the wagoner, by the name of Merrill, and another man, a resident of Mercer county, named Wooldridge, were drowned, and several other persons who were in the boat narrowly escaped a watery grave. The whole of the horses, composing the team, 5 or 6 in number, were also drowned.

In the Legislature of Delaware, the bill prohibiting the circulation of bank notes under five dollars, has been indefinitely postponed, (rejected) in the Senate.

It is stated that Congress Hall, at Cape Island, has been sold by Mr. Richards, to a Mr. Miller, of Gloucester county, N. J. for the sum of $15,000.

Snow at Norfolk.—The Norfolk Herald says, the ground was covered with snow in that region, on Tuesday last, for the first time this season. The snow was 4 or 5 inches deep, and there was some sleighing.

A winged balloon is being manufactured by a Mr. Mills, although not the Mills of Baltimore, who has already made two or three successful ascensions.

Mr. H. Innes, in the legislature of Maine, is perhaps rather unjustly severe on the members of the bar. He says—

"All that is necessary now to make a great man is to be a lawyer, get a seat in the House, be stuck up in the Speaker's Chair, and then be transplanted to the office of Attorney General

New Hampshire State Prison.—This was one the worst, and is one of the best establishments of the kind in the United States. Under the new system of discipline, the number of prisoners is constantly diminishing. There now remain 64, of whom 29 are foreigners. Notwithstanding the smallness of the number, the Prison nearly supports itself.

The number of steamboats which passed through the Louisville and Portland Canal, during the year 1834, was 938, the number of keel and flat boats 623, the total tonnage was 162,000 tons, and the amount of tolls received thereon $61848 17.

The number of horses in the State of Ohio, according to the official tax lists, is 232,662. Of horned cattle there are 413,971. The net proceeds of the State Canals paid into the treasury were, last year, $191,444 51.

The Militia of the United States, according to the last returns, comprises 1,536829.

A young man living near Chambersburg, was arrested in the Chambersburg Bank on Monday last, in attempting to pass a forged check. He had drawn several small sums of money before on similar checks. He was committed for trial.

Elizabethtown, Feb. 3.—Death by Poison.—We lament to state that a child by the name of Ezra Brooks, aged 8 years, was poisoned, on Thursday last, by partaking of the plant hellebore, mistaking it for artichoke. He lived but a few hours in great agony. This fatal warning, we hope, will prove effectual in preventing others from mistaking these plants.

A correspondent in Green county, Ga. states that the late Snow was from 12 to 14 inches deep in his yard, and two drifts, more than 3 feet deep. Old people, he says, never saw but one such snow in Green county before, which we presume was in 1813.

Salt River.—A paper in Kentucky, in a fanciful description of "Salt River," remarks, that there are a great many of our political opponents along its shore. That there are," replies another,—"They have been rowed up the stream" and *Colonized.*

The Charleston Mercury states, that the Tam O' Shanter stations were transported to that city on the deck of a vessel, where they got well soaked with salt water, and that they were saved only by their weight, from being thrown overboard in a gale.

Distressing.—The dwelling house of Mr. Church Taber, of South Hero, Vt. was destroyed by fire on the 25th ult. and, melancholy to relate, Mr. Taber, who was seventy years of age, perished in the flames. The remainder of the family, consisting of several persons, escaped. The fire was not discovered by the neighbors, until the roof had fallen in.

Pretty Fair.—The Boston Atlas gives it as among the rumored gossip of the day, at Washington, that "a day or two after the celebrated Miss Martineau dined with our respected Chief Magistrate, she was met by Mr. Van Buren, and accosted with the polite remark, "Well, Miss M, I hear you fascinated the President to such a degree, that there is some danger of his following you to England." "Oh no," replied the merciless lady, "he has made up his mind to stay at home, and run for a third term."

A white man named Godfrey ——, aged 40, walked into the porter house 205 South street, in the city of New York, on Saturday night, and after drinking to excess, undertook, for a wager, to drink off a pint of brandy at a draught. He accomplished the object—won the wager—and dropped dead on the spot. Verdict Intemperance.

Coal in Massachusetts.—Prof. Hitchcock in his elaborate geological survey, represents a bed of coal as existing near the east line of Cumberland, and another in the north part of Middlebrough, and a third in Bridgewater and a fourth in Wareham.

A runaway Shot.—One Charles Wade, a desperate villain, who had effected his escape from the jail at Columbus, Ohio, was shot at and killed by some persons in pursuit of him. He had with him a brace of horse pistols, stolen after his escape from jail; one of which he fired at his pursuers, and wasin the act of discharging the other, when he was shot down.

The Legislature of Mississippi was to convene at Jackson on the 10th ult. We shall have the result of balloting for U. S. Senator in a few days.

An Association for the relief of sick and disabled firemen is about to be established in Baltimore.

The New York Transcript says that a poor woman named Elizabeth Green, who, with her husband, lived in a wretched hovel, in the rear of Mulberry street, was found lying dead in bed, by the side of her husband, on Monday morning, having been frozen during the night. She had been ill some time previous.

The brave General Excelmans, an aleve of Napoleon, during the late trial of the National newspaper, before the Chamber of Peers, boldly declared, that the execution of Marshal Ney, was a "judicial assassination."

A Texas letter writer states that the tide of emigration to that country from the United States, is very great.

The New York City Inspector reports the death of 135 persons, during the week ending on Saturday, the 7th inst. viz:—32 men, 31 women, 42 boys and 27 girls. Of whom 31 were of the age of 1 year and under. Diseases, burned or scalded 2; consumption 40; convulsions 12; dropsy 2; dropsy in the head 10; fever scarlet 14; small pox, 9; suicide 2, &c. Of the above 11 were coloured persons.

Report of interments in the city of Baltimore, for the last week. Males 12—Females 20—39. Of which number 14 were colored persons. 13 free, 2 slaves. Diseases, consumption 5; hydrophobia 1, &c.

Report of deaths in the city of Boston for the last week—males 15, females 14. Diseases, consumption 4; intemperance 4; lung fever 6, &c.

The Baltimore Athenæum was insured to the amount of $250,000. it cost about $40,000.

The North Carolina 74, is in the Dry Dock, at Gosport Navy Yard, undergoing extensive repairs. The Frigate Constellation is also preparing for sea at the same yard.

A Fancy Ball is about to take place in Baltimore for the benefit of the Fire Companies of that city.

A street duel, as they are termed in the southern states, occurred in the streets of Knoxville, on the 25th ult. between Daniel Campbell and L. D. Slater; the latter was seriously wounded with a knife, when drawing a pistol he shot Campbell dead.

Who says that wooden clocks won't go?—A man residing at Cincinnati has accumulated one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in three years, by the peddling of wooden clocks throughout the southwestern country.

Tetter.—A writer in the Ohio Farmer, recommends the use of strong vinegar, as a cure for this troublesome disease. As soon as the disease appears, try it, it is perfectly simple.

Terrible cold Weather.—One of the Downing family, Sergent Josh, or Major Jack, writing from Downingville says, that "it was so cold that all the seas was touched with frost, and it would a been colder if the thermometer had only been a leetle longer."

Zaluski's Travels.—The travels of General Zavala in the United States, which have been published at Paris in the Spanish language, are now being translated, and will shortly be published in this city. It will be a novel and interesting work.

Stone Paint.—Professor Hitchcock in his Geology, speaking of the useful and ornamental minerals in this state, mentions the *sulphate of baryta* as a valuable paint. It is found in immense quantities, and of a superior quality, at Hatfield, about two miles west of the village, with lead ore imbedded. It is white, soft, and may be ground like plaster of Paris.—*Northampton (Mass.) Gaz.*

Patagonia.—Messrs. Arms and Conn, missionaries of the American Board, who lately visited Patagonia, with a view to see what openings there were for the establishment of a mission there, estimate the entire population of eastern Patagonia south of the Rio Negro, at only 773 inhabitants. They are in a state of great ignorance and poverty, and addicted to many vices. Fable has magnified them into giants, but they are not in general above the ordinary size of Americans. The soil is barren, and the inhabitants subsist chiefly on the flesh of guanacoes.—*Jour. Com.*

Balloon Ascension at Savannah.—The Savannah Georgian of the 27th ult. states, that Mr. Woodall's attempted ascension on the day previous, at that place, was a splendid failure, owing to the Balloon, after its inflation, and on the eve of being attached to the car, breaking through the netting and bidding adieu to the anxious multitude, in and outside the enclosure. A high wind prevailed at the moment, and the balloon was wafted in a few minutes out of sight. It was borne in a direction for the Atlantic, and is doubtless lost to the owner. The value of the Balloon is stated at $700.

Small Notes.—We learn from Trenton, that a bill has passed Council to prohibit the issue and circulation of Bank notes under five dollars, after the 4th day of July next. When it came down to the Assembly it was re-committed and reported with an amendment, that the act shall not go into operation until the Legislature of New York shall pass a law similar in its provisions to this act. We think this a salutary provision, without which, our act would fail entirely of answering the purposes anticipated by its projectors; and which at best is of doubtful expediency. —*Fredonier.*

A row took place at Lowell on Monday, evening, at the Theatre. A mountebank, calling himself "Mr. St. Victor," advertised to do wonders in the feats of leverdemain. About three hundred persons present did'nt like his tricks, and expressed their displeasure by throwing the gas lamps and sundry other furniture belong ng to the Theatre, upon the stage. "Mr. St. Victor," thinking probably, that discretion was the better part of valor, took to his heels and cleared out. —*Boston Courr.*

"Power, is by nature, a thief. It is not more the "instinct of the cat to steal cream, *than of those who* "possess power to grasp at more. It is a tide that is "perpetually undermining or overthrowing its banks "and extending its encroachments. The greater it is, "the greater its faculty of attraction. Originally intituted for the protection of person or property, it "gradually erects itself into the arbiter of both, and

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Reed, T. Ridgway, & Co. successors of the Reporter, Commercial Depositor, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 13, 1835.

Ba...	cwt	3 25	3 50
		6 50	7 00
...TERS.			
	lb		14½
...No. 1			11
		9½	10
		9½	9½
Cl...			
	ton	4 50	5
...ngill,		4 75	5
...EE. Duty, free			
		121	13
...Domingo,		97	102
...to Rico,		111	11½
...ba,		11	12½
...mbuc		12	12½
...Java,		117	121
...ar,		11	12½
...TON...Duty 3 cts per			
...ances,		18	17
...ds and Ten.			
...Hyson,		153	171
...Gunpowder,		153	172
...COTTONS.			
...Pittsburgh, per wagon,			
...tional,			2 50
...s warcasal,			
...ng wine,			
...R and MEAL.			
...ounce,	bbl	5	
		4623	4 75
		4 75	4 871
...ering,		3 25	
...n wheat,		3 25	
	do. in bbls	10 00	
...Southern,		24	
...Penna.		73	
...Penna.		1 04	1 08
...n, South, bush		1 03	
...n, L. C. white,		55	56
...n, L. C. yellow,		50	52
...C. round,			
...Pennsylv.			
...Eastern,			
...Rye,			
...ed, ...bls		12	15
...SEED, ...duty, 5 cts per			

New Orleans,		30	32
Sugar-house		47	49
do. N. York,		47	49
do. Philad.		50	
do. Steam,		50	
Trinidad,		47½	49
Porto Rico,		51	52
English Island,		55	57
Havana,		52½	54
MACKEREL,			
No. 1,	bbl	6	
No. 2,		3 50	3 62½
No. 3,		2 50	2 62½
OILS,			
Linseed, Am. from store,		92	93
do. Boiled,		96	
Whale,	gal.	30	35
Sperm, winter,		1 10	1 05
do. summer,		80	85
PLASTER PARIS,			
In Delaware,	ton	2 00	
In Schuylkill,		3 00	
SEEDS,			
Clover,	bush	4	5 00
Flaxseed, rough,		1 25	1 75
do. clean,	bush		
Timothy,	cask	13 50	14
Herds,	bush		
Orchard grass,		2 00	2 25
WHISKEY,			
Rye, in bbls			29
do.	hhds		28½
do. from wagons		28	
WOOL,			
Prime, Saxony fleece,		57	60
		50	55
Am. wash, full,		47	48
do. ¾ blood,		40	45
do. ½ and com.,		30	35
Am. unwash, full,		30	33
do. ¾ blood,		28	29
do. ½ and com.,		25	26
Super pulled lambs,		35	38
Pulled,		30	33
No. 2, do.		30	
No. 3, do.		22	
Spanish, clean,			
Spanish, R. P. & S.			
do. lambs,		70	90

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, Feb. 14, 1835.

☞ The Carriers of this paper are not authorized to sell papers. They may be obtained at the publication office, 3 Dock's Alley.

The collectors for this establishment in the city, are S. Farmer and William Adams. The former will call the bills of subscribers residing south of Market street, and the latter the bills of those residing north. In managing so large a business as ours, errors sometimes will unavoidably creep in, despite of all vigilance and attention. Where any are discovered in our returns, to whom bills are presented, they will be promptly corrected by our collectors.

The weather on Saturday and Sunday last, was intensely cold, the thermometer being quite as low as it was during the "cold spell" in January. The ice closed again on Sunday, and below Chesnut street it is still fast with ice. The ice-boat belonging to the Camden and Amboy Rail-road, has preserved the passage across the river above Chesnut street-wharf admirably well, and cars through the newly formed ice with amazing facility. We believe the river has not closed twice in a season since 1815.

Arrangements are now being made for the establishment of a daily line of canal boats, for the transportation of goods, between this city and Pittsburg, via the Union and Pennsylvania Canals, and the Portage Rail-road. The first boat will be started on the 1st of March next, or as soon as the navigation opens. The starting point on this end of the line will be J. Ewing & Co's. wharf, at the foot of Callowhill street, Schuylkill.

We understand that a line of packet boats will also be started at the same time, for the conveyance of passengers. It will go through in three days and a half. The boats will be of the first class, and such arrangements will be entered into, as cannot fail to promote the comfort of travellers.

The internal improvements of our state are objects of much curiosity, and the decided advantages of travelling by rail-roads and canals, as regards convenience and ease, over the ordinary mode of stage traveling, cannot fail to secure for this line a liberal share of patronage.

A town-meeting was held in this city, on Monday last, for the purpose of adopting measures for inviting the legislature of the state, to hold their annual session in this city. The court room was crowded.—Mr. Robert Patterson presided, assisted by a number of vice-presidents. Resolutions in favor of the object of the meeting, were brought forward by G. M. Dallas, Esq. and eloquently enforced. They were carried by acclamation.

There can be no question but that the members of the legislature would be much more pleasantly accommodated in this city, than in any other place they can name. Here they can obtain every facility for acquiring information; they will be one hundred miles nearer Washington than at present; they will have the use of our extensive libraries, and the advantage of social intercourse with some of the most learned and philanthropic men of the age. Those who are fond of good things, in the culinary department of a boarding-house, can be gratified to their heart's content, and those who are fond of amusements, as a relaxation from the cares of business, and the labours of legislation, will always find an "assortment" from which to make a selection. The fact that the location of Philadelphia is not central, is a small objection, when the facilities for travelling are remembered. The express to the state will not thereby be materially increased, while the advantages to the state, and to the representatives, will be immense.

There will, no doubt, be strong competition among the several towns of the state, in reference to this matter. Germantown has already moved in the business, and forwarded a proposal to Harrisburg. Our city councils have passed resolutions appropriating the State House yard, for the erection of suitable buildings, and the proposals are warmly seconded by the people. Philadelphia is undoubtedly the most eligible site that can be named.

The Chinese Lady's Foot.—Our readers may perhaps be disposed to regard a lady's foot as a very extraordinary subject for a paragraph, but we can assure them that we are by no means singular in our taste.—Many paragraphs have already been written on Miss Afong Moy's pretty understanding, and many more are yet to be written, if it be true as alleged, that the lady is so well content with America, that she is in no hurry to return to the celestial empire. Miss Afong holds daily levees at the Washington Hall, where she receives in dignified silence, but with looks that betoken a vast deal of wisdom, the ladies and gentlemen, who call to do her honour. It is said that she is ready of this republican principles, and does not hesitate to exhibit her foot to all who visit her, be they rich or poor, aristocratic or plebeian, with a magnanimity scarcely to have been expected from a descendant of Confucius, the great philosopher.

Miss Afong Moy's foot is a wonderful curiosity. It scarcely four inches and three quarters in length, including the nail. So it is testified by a number of "respectable" physicians, who have made a minute survey and investigation, and published the result of their important observations in the newspapers. The public owe much to these "medical gentlemen," for he mine they have taken to vent's all doposes in relation to Miss Afong's foot, for until their certificate appeared many persons believed that the diminutive member fell one-eighth of an inch longer. The authority of the "certificate" is, however, indisputable, so that no one need go to the trouble of measuring for himself. The particulars of this important measurement, together with the names of the parties concerned, will, we hope, be duly recorded in the transactions of the Philosophical Society, and a copy deposited in the next corner stone that may be laid, to excite the wonder and admiration of ages yet to come.

It should not be forgotten that Miss Afong Moy will leave the city after Tuesday next. The present opportunity of seeing the only Chinese female that has ever visited America, should therefore be embraced.

The State Debt.—From the Report of the Auditor General, made to the Legislature in January, it appears that the gross amount of the state debt is $33,365,000 32, the annual interest on which is $1,668,179 17. Of the whole amount $12,494,936 09 is held by foreigners.

The London World of Fashion has this paragraph:—"Pearman, the singer, who was generally engaged at the late Lyceum theatre, was drowned lately in America, whither he was accompanied by his wife."

The samest incident, which is literally true, will afford some idea of the security afforded our citizens, by the labours of our public spirited and enterprising firemen.

At the commencement of a fire, in a central part of the city, a gentleman was aroused from his slumbers by a furious rap at the door. He jumped from his bed in great alarm, raised a front window, and enquired as to the situation of the fire.

"It is close by," said the man at the door.

"But how close—next door, or next door but one?"

"Next door but one!"

"Oh! if it is no nearer than that, I'm in no danger," and so saying, he pulled down the window, and hurried into his bed.

In some cities that we wot of, a man who would act thus, would be in great danger of being roasted alive.

Dana vs. Kemble.—The law suit between Mr. Dana, of Boston, and Charles Kemble, the tragedian, was decided in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, on Monday of last week. The facts in the case, are thus related by the Boston Transcript.

Mr. Dana was lessee of the Tremont Theatre, when Mr. Kemble and his daughter came to the United States and commenced playing at New York. After a vexatious and protracted negotiation, Mr. D. concluded, through George Barrett, then Manager of the Tremont, an engagement with Mr. Kemble for the services of himself and daughter, on the terms demanded by him, and which were the same as those under which he played at the Park, and which he (Mr. K.) said, at the time of the negotiation, were "*one half the houses*," that is to say, one half of the gross receipts during his engagement. Under this representation of Mr. Kemble, the engagement was concluded. He and his daughter came to Boston, played a certain number of nights, were paid, as per contract, and departed again to the south. In the mean time, Mr. Dana relinquished the theatre, his lease having expired, and Mr. Barry became lessee. This gentleman had been previously connected with the Park Theatre, New York, and knew on what terms Mr. Kemble and his daughter played there. It so happened, that when Mr. Kemble and his daughter were last before under another engagement with Mr. *Barry*, it leaked out that Mr. Kemble did not have a full "half of the houses" at the Park, but a half *after deducting* 150 ($133 33) per night! There was just then a small item of $3000 belonging to him in Mr. Manager Barry's hands, upon which, by trustee process, Mr. Dana put his "huge paws," and then brought his action to recover from Mr. Kemble the amount overpaid him. The Jury heard the evidence, and awarded Mr. Dana all his demands with interest—amounting to $2,560.

Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, commenced a series of lectures on Dramatic Literature, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Wednesday evening. It was attended by a very respectable and highly intelligent audience. Mr. Knowles commenced by referring to the rise of the drama, and its situation and character in its infancy, and gave many interesting recitations from the productions of the early dramatists. His notice of Æschylus, the great Greek dramatist, and his contemporaries, was exceedingly interesting, and indeed the whole lecture afforded the highest gratification to all present. The lectures will be continued on Wednesday and Friday of next week.

Foreign Paupers.—The number of paupers admitted into the Baltimore Alms-house during the year 1834 was 923. Of these upwards of three hundred were foreigners, and above two hundred had resided less than a year in the city or county. The Trustees also ascertained that of the number admitted, 475 adults were of intemperate habits, and 50 children had intemperate parents; 65 adults were of known temperate habits, and 35 children were the offsprings of temperate parents.

We should be glad to have similar statements in relation to all the alms-houses and prisons in the country.

Cure for Drunkenness.—Mons. Chabert, of New York, the celebrated "Fire King," announces that he has discovered a specific for that worst of all diseases, drunkenness. His card is annexed. If there be virtue in the dose, Mons. C. should be employed by all the Temperance Societies in the union.

Monsieur Chabert, as well and so favourably known to this community, as the successful conqueror of cholera and other formidable diseases, which frail "flesh is heir to," in order to add to his immortality, has invented a "sovereign panacea for drunkenness," by which that hydra of the human race is to be completely eradicated, exterminated, and driven from its usurped dominion over the appetite and reason of our race. This "exterminator so devoutly to be wished," is embodied in pills, powders, or tinctures, all composed of the same ingredients, variously modified, possessing the same potential might to bring appetite into subjection to its sobriety of purpose, and to make the drunkard abhor the poisonous beverage that tyrannizes over his body and mind. For two dollars, the price of this mammoth remedy, the intemperate prisoner will be able to burst his chains; his consuming thirst will for ever cease; his dithyrambic song be hushed in everlasting silence; his staggering movements be converted into straight and pleasant paths; and his moral sense reasoned to that primeval height, from which, through vicious indulgence, it had fallen. Let all then hasten to purchase this sovereign specific, for the cure of rebellious appetite—let all drunkards, however far advanced in ruin, take it and return to respectability—and let all who suffer temptations to become intemperate, swallow this powerful cure for ever anticipated inebriety.

Internal Improvements.—The improvement bill reported to the Legislature a few days since, contains the following appropriations to finish works under contract, and to commence new works.

Upon the Portage Railway,	$146,591 18
" Columbia,	110,575 31
" Lycoming line,	46,942 10
" Wyoming,	40,503 70
For repairs of the canal and rail-way the ensuing year,	200,000 00
To pay damages,	30,000 00
For the construction of weigh locks, building houses for lock keepers, payment of officers, &c.	125,000 00
For the construction in part of the Ohio Cross cut,	100,000 00
Connection with Erie,	200,000 00
Extension of the North Branch,	100,000 00
West Branch,	64,000 00

It is considered doubtful whether the Legislature will, at the present session, make any appropriations except such as may be necessary to complete the unfinished works.

THEATRICAL.

Mr. John Sefton will take a benefit at the Walnut Street Theatre this evening, and a very attractive bill of popular entertainments is presented. The extravaganza of Tom and Jerry has been performed several times during the week to crowded audiences.

Miss Jarman's engagement at the Chesnut street house is about drawing to a close. Her benefit is announced for next Wednesday evening, when she will appear as Lady Restless, in the play of All in the Wrong, one of the most comedies extant. Mr. Walton's benefit will take place this evening, and Mrs. Austin's on Monday evening. The merits of both vocalists are well known and appreciated in this community.

Extract of a Letter to the Editor, dated

Silver Creek, Ky. Jan. 26, 1835.

"I am astonished to see in every eastern paper an account of unprecedented cold weather. We have had a mild winter, and for some weeks more like a good March than January.

Tragical Affair.—On Sunday week last, two belligerent Hose Companies, met at the junction of Wood and Second streets, and commenced a general battle, with their trumpets, hats, brick-bats, &c. which lasted for some considerable time, during which a young man named George Taylor, received a blow on the head by a brick-bat, hurled indiscriminately by some one in the crowd, which knocked him down, and he was carried from the disgraceful scene, bleeding profusely. We regret to learn that Taylor died of his wound on Tuesday last, at 1 o'clock. He was an inoffensive young man, apprentice to Mr. Heck's, carpenter, of Oak street, and about one of his time.

Sunday Schools.—It is strange that any one should be opposed to Sunday schools. It is strange that any parent should neglect to send all his children to such schools. We know that idle objections are solemnly adduced against them, and political heats are felt or affected at their extent. Nonsense! Will our country ever suffer because her sons are intelligent? Will she ever have reason to regret that they are pious? These unostentatious schools may be the instruments of her salvation. Give us light—and liberty is safe—A nation of even ignorant, vicious and intemperate—cannot long be otherwise than a nation of slaves.

The influence of Sunday schools are not appreciated. The river which rolls majestically through the land may excite the greatest admiration—but it is the humble rivulet meeting through the meadow—its course only shown by the green-ness of the vegetation—that does the most good. Sunday schools are doing incalculable benefit in this country. They are dispensing from ten thousand points the saving influence of truth and virtue. Let them be cherished.

Very important alterations are contemplated in the Post Office Department, by the bill adopted a few days since by the Senate. Many if not all of the abuses which now exist in the regulation of the mails, will, it is expected, be corrected or removed. A commissioner of the department is to be appointed by the President and Senate, to superintend the collection of all debts, and pay them into the treasury; he is also to audit the accounts of the Post-master General. His salary will be $3000, and he is allotted two clerks at $1,750; eight at $1,000 each, ten at $1000, and a messenger at $600 annually.

Every Post-master will be required, at the end of every three months, to render an account to the Commissioner, and pay over the balance as the Commissioner may direct. Neglect for one month after the quarter, renders the Post-master liable to forfeiture of double the amount of the postages received in his office for any one quarter. Neglect for two successive quarters, to furnish such account, to be punished by forfeiture dismissal.

Post-masters, where the nett proceeds of the office are $1000 a year or upwards, to be appointed by the President and Senate for four years. All others to be appointed by the Post-master General. Bonds to be hereafter made to the United States.

The mode of letting mail contracts, to be advertised in the usual manner. Proposals to be opened and registered in the presence of the Post-master General, or one of the Assistant Post-masters General, and the Commissioner or Solicitor of the Treasury. The biddings to be separate for each route, contracts to be separately made. No combination or consolidation bids to be received. A duplicate of the book in which the bids are registered, to be lodged with the Commissioner, within 30 days after the letting, noting the bids which are accepted; and copies of the contracts within 90 days, together with the original proposals. The register of biddings to be open for public inspection immediately after the lettings. No contractor to have any compensation until he shall have executed his contract, &c. and no "extra allowances" to be granted.

A very useful provision is contained in the twenty-first section, which declares that every Post-master who shall delay, with intent to prevent their reaching their destination in proper course, any letters, newspapers, documents, &c. in his office, shall, on conviction of the offence, forfeit and pay a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, and be imprisoned for a term not exceeding six months.

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.

Harrisburg, Feb. 9th, 1835.

Dear Sir—On Thursday last a resolution was offered in Senate by Mr. Leet, of Washington, instructing the committee on the judiciary system to enquire into the expediency of bringing in a bill, at as early a day as possible, prohibiting the administration of extra judicial oaths. This gave rise to quite an animated discussion, Mr. Leet said his object, in introducing the resolution was, to prevent parties in suits from having witnesses sworn before a magistrate previous to the day of trial, in order that they might be kept to the same evidence when brought before the court. Mr. Penrose was opposed to the frequent administration of oaths, he said it was well calculated to destroy their solemnity. Messrs Perrikin & Strohm supported the resolution; Messrs Barden and Reed opposed it. Mr. Reed offered a substitute which would meet the case referred to by Mr. Leet, but it was negatived and the original resolution adopted, by a vote of 16 to 13.

The resolution offered by Mr. Perrikin, in Senate, on the 10th December, relative to the Bank of the United States, of which I send a copy, was called up to day and passed, after being amended by striking out the word *expunge* and inserting the words rescind, repeal, and revise. There were other alterations and additions of which I cannot procure a copy, they do not however materially alter the original. The question on adopting the resolution was carried by a vote of 22 to 5.

The House of Representatives has been engrossed almost exclusively for the last three days, on the bill providing for the repair of the bridges erected over the canals and rail roads of the commonwealth. Considerable feeling was exhibited by some of the members residing on the line of improvements, who are deeply interested. They consider the State should be at all of the expense, that bridges should be erected and kept good, whenever their convenience required. Gentlemen representing counties that receive no advantage from the public improvements, objected and very justly said that the districts benefited by the improvements, should at least pay for repairing their bridges. The bill passed a second reading to day, yeas 57, nays 36, and was ordered to be transcribed for a third reading.

The following are the resolutions referred to by our correspondent:

I. That the Senators representing this Commonwealth in the Senate of the United States are hereby instructed to vote to rescind, repeal or revise from the journals of said body a certain resolution adopted at their last session in the words following "*Resolved*, That the President in the late executive proceedings in relation to the revenue has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and Laws but in derogation of both."

II. That we believe that the Senate of the United States in adopting said resolution "assumed upon themselves authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and Laws but in derogation of both."

III. That our Senators aforesaid are instructed to vote against re-chartering the present Bank of the United States.

IV. They are instructed to oppose the incorporation of any Bank of the United States in any shape or form.

V. That the people of Pennsylvania have sustained and continue to sustain the measures of Andrew Jackson our distinguished President in relation to the Bank of the United States.

VI. That the people of Pennsylvania expect a hearty co-operation generally on the part of our Senators in the measures adopted by the Government for the well being and happiness of the people of these United States.

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.

Washington, Feb. 10, 1835.

Dear Sir—The Senate have voted to appoint a select committee to consider and report on the expediency of establishing a branch of the United States Mint at New Orleans, and another somewhere in the Gold Region of North Carolina. It is expected that a favorable report will be made on the subject. In the House of Representatives on Friday last, Mr. Dickerson offered a resolution, instructing the Secretary of War to communicate to the House the number of Cadets that have been educated at the Military Academy at West Point—the number that joined the army and are now in its service—the sums of money that have been appropriated for its support, each year, since 1802, up to this time. Also the number of Professors now employed at the institution.

The Senate was occupied on Thursday and Friday, in the consideration of a bill to re-organize the Post-Office Department, the affairs of which, for some time past, have been in a most wood light. A great variety of amendments were proposed and discussed, and it was not until late on Saturday afternoon, that the bill was passed to a third reading, when the vote stood yeas 41, nays none, four Senators being absent. You will perceive from this vote that both parties in the Senate are satisfied of the bad state of the Department, and anxious for a change for the better. I will send you a copy of the bill as soon as I can obtain one.

In the House, a Message was received from the President in reply to the call made upon him by a resolution offered by Mr. Adams, requesting him to furnish any additional information which he had received from France. The Message communicated extracts from letters received from Mr. Livingston, stating that he was not sanguine in his expectations of any favorable results on the subject of the action of the French Chamber, in reference to the appropriation for our claims.—The documents were referred to the committee on Foreign Relations.

In the Senate on Monday, Mr. Calhoun, from the select committee appointed to inquire into the extent and operation of the executive patronage, made a long report, which occupied about two hours in reading. The committee reported a joint resolution, and proposed to divide the annual surplus revenue into such number of shares as there are Senators and Representatives, to be distributed among the states in proportion to their representation, with two shares to each territory and the District of Columbia.

The committee propose also the enactment of a law for which they report a bill, to regulate the deposites of the public money; and the enactment of one of the bills reported by a select committee in 1833, to regulate the patronage of the Government. After the reading of the report was finished, the first resolution proposing the distribution of the surplus revenue, and the two bills, were severally presented and read the first time. Mr. Calhoun moved that the joint resolution be now read a second time, which was objected to, and a requiring unanimous consent, the second reading did not take place. The bills were read a second time by general consent, and on motion of Mr. Calhoun, made the special order for Thursday next. Mr. Poindexter moved the printing of 30,000 copies of the report, and also of the report of 1826, on the same subject. A debate took place, which lasted till 5 o'clock, when the Senate adjourned, after directing 10,000 copies of Mr. Calhoun's report to be printed, and the usual number of Mr. Benton's report of 1826, on the same subject.

In the House of Representatives Mr. McKay offered a resolution requiring the Secretary of State to communicate to the House such information as his Department may possess, and copies of any correspondence that may have taken place between the Government, or any of its agents, with the European Governments, on the subjects of their quarantine regulations.

Thursday was fixed upon as the day for choosing a public printer. Two elections will be also made. A bill to establish a territorial Government of Wisconsin, has been reported, and considered in committee of the whole.

No business of importance was transacted in either House on Tuesday.

The Alms house in Queen Anne's county, Md. was destroyed by fire on Wednesday of last week. All the wretched and suffering inmates, to the number of 70, escaped with their lives, but many in a most desolate condition.

COMMUNICATED.

Magic or Intellect.—As two persons were walking about the other day, one of them, (who by the by was not the most celebrated person in the world for learning) observed, "I think Mr. R. this is the coldest day we have had this winter," "Yes, answered the other for the thermometer this morning stood only ten degrees above zero in the sun." "Indeed when was that animal caught?" was the wise question of the first.

In case the proposed distribution of the surplus revenue of the United States ($9,000,000) take place, it will give for each representative $27,500.

There are now 240 Representatives, and would give to each of the States the following amount annually:

Maine,	8	- - - -	$220,000
New Hampshire,	5	- - - -	137,500
Vermont,	5	- - - -	137,500
Massachusetts,	12	- - - -	330,000
Rhode Island,	2	- - - -	55,000
Connecticut,	6	- - - -	165,000
New York,	40	- - - -	1,100,000
New Jersey,	6	- - - -	165,000
Pennsylvania,	28	- - - -	1,050,000
Delaware	1	- - - -	27,500
Maryland,	8	- - - -	220,000
Virginia,	21	- - - -	787,500
North Carolina,	13	- - - -	487,500
South Carolina,	9	- - - -	337,500
Georgia,	9	- - - -	337,500
Alabama,	5	- - - -	187,500
Mississippi,	3	- - - -	75,000
Louisiana,	3	- - - -	112,500
Tennessee,	13	- - - -	487,500
Kentucky,	13	- - - -	487,500
Ohio,	19	- - - -	712,500
Indiana,	7	- - - -	262,500
Illinois,	3	- - - -	112,500
Missouri,	2	- - - -	75,000

ADAM AND EVE.

These splendid original Paintings by R. Otis, now to be seen in Chesnut street, a few doors below Eighth, are perhaps superior to any thing of the kind ever exhibited in this country.

So intimately connected and associated with our early reading of the Holy Book, these pictures cannot fail to be interesting. To the lovers and admirers of Milton, they must be a treat of no ordinary character. And to the amateur, as a specimen in the arts, they are unrivalled.

The first in the series is the Temptation, or the offering of Eve to Adam of the forbidden fruit. The beauty, and grace, and massive attitude of Eve are peculiarly striking. Adam at this moment is represented as almost paralized with surprise and astonishment. His muscles completely relaxed, and in the arms of amazement he drops the garland just prepared for Eve.

"From his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve
Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed."

This scene is represented as taking place about the setting of the sun—The *red* and mellow tints of the Sky. The sombre and reposing tone of the back ground—the coiling of the serpent upon an adjacent tree; and the half sleeping lion, with ears slightly opened as though he feel something unusual was about to take place; altogether, make this a most interesting picture.

The second picture is the judgment following immediately the temptation—the time is night—the moon upon the wane—the rays of glory emanating from the Heavenly Visitor who had been to pronounce judgment, still shining partially around the fallen pair. The lightning flashing, and rivens the very Heavens. Eve is in a recumbent posture, completely stricken with horror and fright. Adam is standing, leaning forward, with arms extended for her protection—his countenance evincing the same emotion, with the addition of sorrow and remorse. This is a capital picture. The figures appear to stand forward in bold relief, like statuary, and almost detached from the canvas.

The third is the Expulsion—the time, the setting sun of the following day—tempest rising in the distance—Ada and Eve, after having wandered forth, see now standing upon the brink of a precipice. He right arm upon a rock, while his left is in parting Eve. The expressions of her countenance are grief, despair and shame—His still evinces horror, with an effort towards fortitude, and a resolve to protect Eve. His attitude is now noble, full of majesty and firmness, a decided contrast from that in the first picture.

The scenery is here a barren desert—In the distance you see animals commencing war; the Lion just pouncing upon the Deer.

The character of these Paintings is that of glowing richness, with a soft and delicate tone of coloring. The half tints of the flesh particularly fine. The breadth of light and shade, beyond all question, the work of a master hand. And the whole Painting executed with a full and bold pencil.

Any one visiting this exhibition are several groups of children, as large as life, and portrait of some distinguished individuals, a sight of which alone would be worth the price of admission. M.

Legislative Reports on Banks.—We are indebted to Messrs. T. & Smith and Mather of our city Delaware for the "Report of the Committee of Ways and Means, in relation to the revenue to be derived from Banks," read in the House of Representatives on the 2nd inst. together with a copy of the bill referred to therein and of the Report of the minority of the Committee. The report recommends,

1st, A bonus of 5 per cent. upon the capitals of all banks about to be rechartered, as well as of some of those already chartered.

2nd, An increase of the state tax on dividends from 6 per cent the existing rate, to 10 per cent, in reference to the above and other banks, and

3rd. A tax of 50 per cent on all dividends above 10 per cent, declared by certain banks.

The city banks included under the first provision that is, which are to pay a bonus of five per cent are the Mechanics Bank, the Commercial Bank, Bank of the Northern Liberties, Kensington Bank, the Schuylkill Bank, and the Southwark Bank.

Those made subject to the *second* provision, that is, who are to pay an increased tax, are all those above named excepting the Schuylkill Bank with the following in addition, viz—Mayor's Bank, Girard Bank, Bank of Penn Township, Philadelphia Bank, Western Bank, Bank of North America, and Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank of the Northern Liberties.

Those made subject to the third provision, are all those above mentioned except the Schuylkill Bank.

The Report is a concise document containing no argument, except in substance, that the state wants money and must have it *per fas aut nefas*. The Report of the minority recedes to the second proposition which authorizes an increase of the tax from 6 to 10 per cent, but contains the doctrine of granting no heavily taxed banks, whilst the finances of the Commonwealth and the state of her internal improvements are so closely connected with a stable condition of the money concerns of the community. The injustice of an attempt to demand a bonus from the banks already chartered is conclusively shewn, for, as is truly observed, "the right to demand one per cent, may be extended to a call for one per cent upon the whole capital of a bank." The specific money tax, as a means of raising revenue, of the provision which imposes a tax of 50 per cent upon all divide ds exceeding ten per cent, is ably opposed, by pointing to the absurdity of supposing that any bank would incur all the risks of a very expanded issue, merely for the sake of deriving half the profits. The imposition of the tax, the minority then fore say, would amount to a prohibition, and consequently as a means of filling the public coffers would be nugatory.

Among the sensible remarks of the minority, are the following, and it is one that cannot be too strongly recommended to the attention of those to whom it is addressed, that heavy taxes upon bank stocks and dividends, drive money out of the state to seek more profitable employments elsewhere, and that such a policy is unwise in Pennsylvania, which needs every dollar of her own capital, and that of other people besides.

War with the Indians.—The Globe of Thursday has the following paragraph:

We understand that information has reached the War Department, stating that several rencounters have taken place between some of the citizens of Georgia and parties of the Creek Indians, who have crossed from Alabama into that State, and committed many depredations. Persons have been killed and wounded on both sides, and the inhabitants seem much alarmed at the conduct and threats of the Indians, and have called upon the Governor of Georgia for a militia force to protect them—and the Governor has requested the interposition of the President to relieve the citizens of Georgia from this state of things.

The New York Transcript, somewhat given to jocoseness, relates the following:

A Curly-haired Dog, and a Curly-haired Man.—In a mixed company of gentlemen and ladies, at a boarding-house table the other day, one of the former related a very large story of a very little dog he had seen, whose tail he represented as curling so very strongly as absolutely to lift his hind legs from the ground. A puzzled haired young man, who sat so far off that he merely heard sometimes and about curling, and supposing of course that it related to hair, exclaimed, "That's just the way mine always does."—The ladies tittered and the gentleman laughed, at hearing which the curly-headed young man looked very much out of countenance, though he could not divine the cause of it, nor as much as suspect that he had compared his own head to a dog's tail.

Destructive fire in Baltimore.—We have been favoured with the following extract from a letter, dated

Baltimore, Feb. 7, 1835.

Our city has suffered to day quite by, in the burning of the Assembly. It is now nothing but a heap of burning ruins. How the fire caught I have not yet heard, but I understand the Maryland Institute and the Baltimore Lyceum, have both lost their whole libraries. Nothing save but on lower and second floor. Mr. Shaw, the *Lyceum lecturer*, has suffered much.

Last night, Joseph Daley's chair factory was likewise destroyed by fire.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Feb. 6.—Received from

And. Wylie, [nett] $1 75
P. A. Berry, [nett] 4 50
Wm. M. Potter, 1 00
James Biddle, 5 00
Steph. W. McCarty, 5 00
S. Jewell, Esq. 3 00
J. Graham, Esq. 1 00
J. L. Wemells, Esq. 3 00
Sol. D. Bettes, Esq. 5 00
R. W. Gage, Esq. 2 00
Evan Garrett, Esq. 2 00
H. F. W. Schultz, Esq. 3 00

Feb. 7.

D. J. Wicks, 2 00
John Jackson, 2 00
Major G. Birch, 5 00
H. Fairbridge, U.S.A. 5 00
A. B. Hubbell, 2 00
C. S. Wright, Esq. 1 00
Jon. Haines, Esq. 1 00
J. N. Walton, Esq. 5 00
Jno. Whitby, Esq. 3 50
Wm. Allen, Esq. 6 50
Samuel Moody, Esq. 2 00
Luther Tucker, Esq. 2 10
G. Hendrie, Esq. 3 00
D. H. Sabin, 8 00

Feb. 9.

James E. Fellows, 5 00
James S. Sterling, 2 00
C. H. Tomlinson, nett 1 91
John Bunner, 2 00
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Daniel Brown, Esq. 2 00
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Feb. 10.

A. N. Boniden, 10 00
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P. A. Deviel, 2 00
Alonzo Benner, Esq. 3 00
J. Calhoun, Esq. 2 50
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Feb. 12.

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V. W. Devoriz, 2 00
D. McClure, Esq. 10 80
W. Abernethy, Esq. 10 00
David Brooks, Esq. 4 00
S. F. Hopkins, Esq. 5 00
S. Smoker, Esq. 4 40
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C. Whittlesey, Esq. 1 00
Joseph Wasson, Esq. 10 00
Rich. Worthington, 5 00
N. J. Dickey, Esq. 2 00
C. Hartly, Esq. 6 00
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A CARD.

The subscriber, during a late residence in Europe, (part of which time was spent in the Royal School of Mines and the first Laboratories of Paris,) having had ample opportunities of making himself fully master with the arrangements of Chemical Metallurgy, as applied to the Arts, including Metallurgy, the art of Mining, &c., has the honour of informing the public that he will undertake the analysis of Ores, and will commence with the above branches, for which he has established a private Laboratory. For scientific references, and all communications connected with the above branches, charges will be made in proportion to the difficulties or magnitude of the enquiries stated.

N. B.—Communications, post paid, will meet with prompt attention.

THOMAS G. CLEMSON.

Ex-Pupil of the Royal School of Mines, and Professor of Chemistry, &c. in Paris.

Corner of 8th and Filbert streets, Philada. feb 14—6t

Capture of a Slaver.—The British brig of war Cygnet arrived at Havana on the 18 inst. with a schooner which she had captured, having on board 340 slaves. Four vessels had recently arrived there and landed their cargoes, consisting of 2300 slaves.—*N. Y. Courier & Enq.*

ATKINSON'S CASKET,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1835.

The Casket, or Register, will be published next week. Its Embellishments are—

The Minstrel, a steel plate; Dr

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Poor Robin Red-breast! there lies he!
We found him dead just now,
In our old mossy, cherry-tree,
Just by the broken bough.

Too sure 'twas he—poor pretty thing!
He lay there, still and cold;
So stiff—his icy, frozen wing
We scarcely could unfold.

His large brown eyes, half open still,
Were sunken—dim, like land;
We kissed his little tuneful bill,
And smoothed his ruffled head.

Poor pretty Rob! to think while we
Were housed so warm and dry,
You had no home but that old tree,
To creep into and die.

Yet, Rob! we always scattered round,
A meal of crumbs for you;—
And sure with us you might have found
A winter lodging too;

And waved till May-boughs bloomed again,
And days grew warm and long,
And only paid at parting then,
One merry, thankful song.

"Thkool marm! thkool marm thhase thword!" screamed out a little lisping urchin in school one day to his mistress. "Isaac swore! naughty boy! what did he say?" "He thaid—Goothe." "Goose! naughty boy! Isaac, don't swear goose again."

At auction at Bradford, last week, the auctioneer whilst expatiating on the merits of a telescope he was offering for sale, sagely observed, "How often the *widow's* heart leaped for joy, when she beheld her *husband* at a distance, brought near to her by such an instrument as this!"

"Frailty! *thy name is woman.*"—Shakspeare.

If Frailty's name is *woman's* self,
A name which nature gave,
Sure *man* must be the weaker elf,
Still to be Frailty's slave.

Maclise's advice to his son.—"I have often told you that every man must be the maker or marrer of his own fortune. I repeat the doctrine, he who depends upon his incessant industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the noblest and most exalted kind; these are the creators of fortune and fame, the founders of families, and can never disappoint or deceit you. They control all human dealings, and turn even vicissitudes of any unfortunate tendency to a contrary nature. You have genius, you have learning, you have industry, at times, but you want perseverance, without it you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in your mind constantly;—" Perseverance."

Dowton and Mathews.—Acting depends, after all, much more upon personal peculiarities than critics will admit;—take a few instances. Dowton's passionate old men are pronounced faultless; they are in—nothing can be more true to nature, for it is Dowton's nature. I have seen Dowton, annoyed at dinner, snatch his wig off his head, and fling it into the fire. There is scarcely any extravagance of manner that he has portrayed in Sir Anthony, Rentive, or Oldboy, that I have not noticed in him in private life. I have seen him *deprived of speech* by irritation. Mimicry, in Mathews, may be described as an affection of the nervous system. When he was a boy, if any one entered his father's shop who had any striking peculiarities of visage or manner, the muscles of Mathews moved sympathetically, and his ear at the same time caught, and his voice re-echoed, the sounds. A Mrs. P——, wife of a solicitor in —— street, Piccadilly, had the good sense to observe this without feeling offended at the liberty taken with a slight oddity of her own, and was indirectly the cause of cultivating that talent particularly. If practice makes perfect, the great master's perfectibility may be thus accounted for. He adores his profession, and though a man of education, and a lover of the fine arts, he infers every pursuit bear directly upon his own.

Sleep.—Sleep being only the ligation of the outward senses, and the interception of motion from the eternal world, argues no more any radical defect of life and immortality in the soul, than the having a man's sight bounded within the walls of his chamber by sheets, does argue any blindness in the immured party who haply is busy reading by candle light, and that with ease so small a print as would trouble an ordinary sight to read it by day. And that the soul is perpetually employed in sleep is very hard to demonstrate; we so often remember our dreams merely by occasions, which if they had not occurred, we had never suspected we had dreamed. DR. HORE.

Domestic Positions.—An amusing comedy of errors lately took place in this city. Two jolly companions, the one a married upholsterer, the other a single blessed knight of the thimble, resolved to have a merry carouse on a certain joyful occasion. The upholsterer continued his sacrifice to the god Bacchus, till a late hour, when the thought of trying to "wend his weary house," and by the help of house sides and area railings, his refractory legs carried him to the top of his own stair at Stockbridge; but here the weakness of the flesh overcame him, and being unable to knock at the door, he lay down and fell fast asleep. It should here be mentioned, that the single tailor and married upholsterer were next door neighbours, and the youth not having yet returned, and on opening the door to ascertain if there was any appearance of his coming, the prudent dame, as late would have it, stumbled over the "sleeping beauty" who had just lain down at the wrong door. A mother's heart is perpetually on her own offspring, and the good lady at once thought the man "stanching prostrate" was her own boy, so without striking a light, she called her husband to assist, and the supposed son was stripped and put to his bed. Shortly after the couple had again retired to rest, a loud knock came to the door, and a voice demanding admittance. The voice was their son's, but the couple had only one son, and him they had just put to bed! It must be his wraith, thought the terrified parents. But demands for admission continued—the couple ran to the youth's bed, and still their supposed son was there!—the mother screamed "murder and brownes!"—the neighbours (including the upholsterer's wife) crowded to the scene of dismay in their night gowns, and dire was the confusion when the tailor's parents, who had only one son, discovered that they had one in bed and another at the door! The poor upholsterer was awoke by the *stanmash*, and came forth from his usurped bed like one from the dead. His wife was at first almost dead with fright, but a lively attack of jealousy brought her round to her proper senses, and it would have been all but "thunder and turf," had not a Stockbridge waban, who happened to be present, delivered a lecture on *natural* philosophy, which operated like a narcotic on the disputant parties, and sent them all once more to the land of Nod.—*Scotsman.*

FEEDING A PLANET.

Last month we had to notice a most extraordinary and almost incredible piece of infatuation on the part of a young lady at Shadwell, who, under the advice and control of a gipsy woman, kept "feeding a planet," in order to know her fortune and find out her sweetheart. We have now to record a piece of matured stupidity far beyond the indiscretion, or innocence, or idiotism of a girl. Indeed, unless it were, like the former one, authenticated by the police reports, we could not imagine it possible that such credulity and infatuation could exist in what is called this enlightened age.

There lives in East-lane, Walworth, a tradesman and his wife rejoicing in the name of Peebles, and one day a gipsy of what Mr. P. called an "interesting appearance," entered and bought a pair of Mr. P.'s unmentionables. In the course of bargaining for these essential articles, the black-eyed beauty gently insinuated that she was possessed of a knowledge of future events, and that she could tell him something very strange, of which faculty she gave Mr. Peebles a striking specimen by mentioning to him some circumstances which had actually occurred in his own family, of which he, poor easy man, fancied nobody except himself and Sinnerus P. knew one single syllable.

Peebles went to his wife and told her what had occurred, and moreover, that the gipsy was desirous of communicating something to both of them *together*, which would turn out of the greatest possible importance to them. Mrs. Peebles was inspired for the moment with that sort of feeling which the mention of "an interesting gipsy with black eyes" by a husband excites in a wife. However, it seems that in East-lane, Walworth, the finer sentimentalities give way to more worldly feelings and Mrs. P. was delighted with the idea of making her fortune, and driving out in a one-horse-shay, and so the show-door was closed, business was suspended, and the gipsy called into council.

The interesting young creature then told the respectable Peebleses that she came to London—from what part of the world she did not communicate—in order just to mention that there was an iron chest filled with treasure buried in the neighbourhood, which could only be recovered by a charm which she possessed.

"Charming creature!" said Peebles.

"Ditto, P.," said his wife.

Gip then told them that as nothing could be got for nothing, it would cost them a *trifle* in the outset, but that it would be like sowing an acorn to raise an oak. Mr. Peebles just ventured to inquire how much it would require in the first instance to play at the tempting game she proposed? how much P. to pay down, before they arrived at the T. take out? The "interesting" girl said "£100 would do; which must be placed within the leaves of a particular chapter of the Bible."

Peebles looked somewhat astounded at the amount, but the gipsy relieved all his scruples by telling him that, although the sum sounded large, yet so convinced was she of the success of her proceedings, that she would assist them in the recovery of the chest by contributing £50 herself. Thus, proving herself as disinterested as interesting, she departed, having already won the golden opinions of the house of Peebles, and promising to return the next day.

Sure enough she came, bringing with her a pair of ancient spurs which had been dug up by herself; these ought have been expected; but she also brought a fifty pound note. Whereupon the expert Peebles produced thirty sovereigns and ten pound notes, all real, good and genuine. Then, gip called for the Bible, and said it was necessary for Mr. Peebles and his wife to swear that they never would divulge anything that might occur. This trifling ceremony of selling themselves to the devil, instead of selling a pair of small clothes to the gipsy, was, of course, performed. She then took from her pocket a sheet of thick cartridge paper, and asked Mr. Peebles for his fifty pounds, which *with her own!* she packed up together with as many grains of wheat as there were sovereigns, and having tied it all up and tied the parcel to the Bible, she delivered the whole charm to the wife and confiding Mr. Peebles, with an injunction to put it where no human hand could touch, no human eye could see it, for three days; at the expiration of this would return, open the parcel, up with the iron chest, and make them as rich as Rothschild.

One day went—another—and a third—Gip might be delayed—a fourth expired—till, at last, the Peebles took a peep—there was the Bible—there was the parcel; however, at last the lady vowed she would open it, whatever might be the result. She did so—when lo and behold! there was the Bible, but instead of the parcel containing the hundred pounds, they found one well-stored with leaden dumps and dirty paper. The "*charming*" woman had most dexterously exchanged the valuable distillation from the brains of the Peebles, for one of her own; thus getting clear off with *their* money, and leaving them nothing but the "dumps."

Nobody can pity such doltish stupidity, and we should think East Land will be no agreeable *séjour* for this most extraordinary couple. Folly will in Wellworth henceforward, be called *Peeblism*, and the future appeals of Mrs. *P.* be doubtlessly made in the words of Miss *P. P.* in the play—

"How can you see me made,
The sport of *such a gipsy!*
Saucy jade."

Kean's Story of a Gambler.—Among Kean's many social qualities, was that of telling an anecdote with a power that made it live before you. The person of whom the following story was told by him, we shall call Mr. A., for he is now living, and it is not to the purpose to annoy a reclaimed gamester by an exposure of his name. Mr. A. squandered away his fortune in wooing the fickle goddess at the fashionable hells, but he had one rule from which he never departed: if a winner he invariably gave the first mendicant that met him a sovereign. It happened one wet night that he had been peculiarly fortunate; he had his pockets full of notes, and he was looking around in vain for a vehicle, when a shivering, drenched female accosted him, and implored charity. He felt in his pocket, he had neither gold nor silver; his humanity was not wrought up as high as a £5 note, and, in fact, as violent was the shower, that it would have been washed from his grasp ere he could have *transferred* it from his pocket to the hand of the applicant; he withdrew his hand from his waistcoat, and, with a hasty "No change," passed on, but not so quickly but that he heard a deep sigh. The beggar did not follow, nor further importune him; he walked hastily forward, but his conscience upbraided him,—a sort of gambling fatality seemed to tell him it was unlucky not to give the accustomed *largess*,—a sort of sporting honour, to whisper that he was defrauding her of what was in a measure her due. He turned round and retraced his steps; the poor creature had huddled herself beneath the portico of a wealthy mansion,—he addressed her, and put into her benumbed hands a £5 note. The unfortunate for one moment doubted the evidence of her senses; at the next, she fell at the feet of the gamester, and literally and actually embraced them, in adoration of her benefactor. "That moment," said the gambler, "was the most painful of my life; for the first time since the days of boyhood I wept,—nay, I fairly blubbered: I vowed never to game again. I shame to say, I have not wholly kept that vow." Kean added, to the honor of the votary of fortune, that though he had not, perhaps, strictly abstained from gambling, I can that hour his habits were generally reclaimed, he had good feeling enough to obtain the poor woman a shelter for that night, afterwards procure her employment, and up to the period at which Kean told the story, she retained it with credit to herself, and satisfaction to her benefactor.

James Sheridan Knowles.—About 1803, I remember Knowles, with a light heart and a slight figure, carrying a pair of colours in the Tower Hamlets Militia (2d regiment). It was a custom ("more honoured in the breach than the observance," certainly) among the Subs to nickname one another. Knowles had the *sobriquet* of Jeremiah, which was engendered after the fashion of giving the world of command, i. e. "Jeremiah, hem!" A pleasant, jolly young fellow he was, and generally liked by all who knew him. He, however, quitted the militia, and at the time Jenner's discovery excited so much interest, practised as a vaccinator at the Institution in Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, and after a year or two thus passed, went on the stage, which he left for the Professorship of Elocution at Aberdeen. Years and travels had made the name of Ensign Knowles, of the 2d Tower Hamlets, a thing unremembered by the many who had enjoyed his society, and none of them during the sensation that his name excited some three years since thought of their quondam comrade. Indeed, many who might have remembered "Jeremiah" had forgotten "Knowles" so certain is aught of the ridiculous to live the longest in our minds. About two years since, at a provincial city, some old friends went to witness the representation of the "Hunchback:" one of the party was *flaccbi plenus*, and unfortunately this gentleman had *formerly* been, if not in, connected with, the Tower Hamlets. The face, the voice, the manner of Knowles, at an interval of at least twenty-seven years since, all struck him. He was in a fever of bewilderment: the place was crowded, and the party in question had arrived late, and obtained, therefore, only furtive glances over the shoulders of the more fortunate and earlier visitors. As his friends attributed his vehement declaration that Knowles had been a comrade of his, to the errors of intoxication, they endeavoured to silence him, and told him he most probably mistook Knowles for some one who resembled him. "It's all contradicting drunken bodies, right or wrong," says Jock Haveron, "for he who will to Cupar maun, to Cupar!" so it proved here, for the military gentleman during one of Knowles's pauses in *Master Walter*, shouted out the *sobriquet*, with all the vehemence imaginable. So unheard-of and inexplicable a solecism in manners occurring in the boxes, naturally created a cry of "Turn him out!" and out he was turned, but not before he had again shouted, "Jeremiah, hem!" so as vainly to attract the attention of Knowles. To the remonstrances of the police, and of his friends, the delinquent made no reply, but speculating, "It's him; I'll be d——d, but its Jeremiah." The next morning he was so heartily ashamed of the affair, that nothing could prevail upon him to call upon or write to the dramatist, who possibly might feel as much pleasure in recognising an old acquaintance at a proper time and place, as he was annoyed by the recognition under such singular circumstances.

Stage-coach Travelling.—It is difficult to determine the exact period at which a stage-coach first appeared upon the road, but it seems to be pretty well ascertained that in 1662 there were but six, and one of the wise men of those days, John Crossell, of the Charter House, tried his best to write them down. It was supposed he had the countenance of the country gentlemen, who were afraid if their wives could get easily and cheaply conveyed to London, they might not settle so well afterwards to their domestic duties at the Hall or the Grange. But to go back only 90 years. In 1742, the Oxford stage coach left London at seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at mid-day. It arrived at High Wycomb at five in the evening, where it rested for the night, and proceeded at the same rate, for the sent of learning, on the morrow. Here then were ten hours consumed each day in travelling twenty-seven miles, and nearly two days in performing what is now done with the greatest ease under six hours. Well born coachmen prevail on the road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native country in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground, between London and Brighton) with Mr. Stevenson (who had been a Cambridge University graduate) and Mr. Charles Jones, brother of Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, has now a coach on the Brighton road called the Pearl, which he both horses and drives himself. The late Mr. Stevenson mentioned above (for he no longer exists) became a coachman by profession; and it is only justice to his memory to admit that though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits, however, had not been lost upon him; his demeanor was always that of a gentleman, and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage-coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich box was handed to his passengers by his servant, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were inclined.—*Quarterly Review.*

In the Escurial, there are fifty-one bells, forty-eight wine cellars, eight organs, twelve thousand windows and doors, eighteen hundred and sixty rooms. There are fifteen hundred and sixty oil paintings, and the frescoes, if all brought together, would form a square of eleven hundred feet. The circumference of the building is 4800 feet—nearly three quarters of a mile.—From a book kept in the monastry, containing an account of the sums expended on the building, &c. I made the following extracts, which may be esteemed by some as curious. The mason work of the monastery cost 5,512,054 reals; the marbles, porphyries, and jasper employed on the church cost 5,343,815 reals; the labor of placing each square on the floor 13 reals; the painting of the church, including the frescoes of Jordan, 291,270 reals; the workmanship of the choir, (the king having presented the wood,) 266,200 reals; the two hundred and sixteen volumes used in the choir 493,584 reals; the whole of the bronze railings 556,928 reals; the wood, lead, bells, and gilding of the church 3,200,000 reals; the paintings of the library, 199,822 reals; the materials of the mausoleum, 1,826,031 reals.

This is but a very small part of the cost of the edifice, because here are none of the gold and silver ornaments, urns, or precious stones; none of the bronze, excepting the railings; none of the oil paintings, nor almost any part of the workmanship. I have stated the cost in reals, as it appears in the books: but any of the sums divided by one hundred, will give the value in pounds sterling nearly, though not precisely.

All the Cathedrals I had ever before seen shrunk into insignificance when I entered the Cathedral of Toledo. The following are the dimensions of this majestic pile. The interior of the Church is four hundred and eight feet long, and two hundred and six feet wide, and the height of the aisles is one hundred and sixty feet. The column that run along the aisles are forty-five feet round; there are sixty-eight painted windows; and surrounding the choir, and the Altar Major, there are one hundred and fifty-six marble and porphyry pillars.

COLUMN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

You may remember that a long while ago I gave you a very pleasant article on Bees, extracted especially for your own reading, from a nice little book called "Art in Nature," written by a person named Charles Williams, and published in London by Frederick Warly and A. H. Davis. I am now going to give you another of Mr. Williams's papers, and a very capital paper it is for you to read on the subject of Spiders. I know that many of you think that Spiders are very nasty little insects, because *they* crawl about the walls, and spin their ugly webs in the corners of the rooms; but you have no idea what funny creatures Spiders are, and what strange things they do; so now I am going to let you know some remarkable circumstances connected with their mode of living and their pursuits. Here the article begins:

"It was a September morning, and the aspect of nature was autumnal. The foliage of the trees had begun to change their hue; and, while the orchards yielded their last fruits, which might grace the desert of a pear, the hedges were filled with their humble produce, and clusters of privet, elder-berries, and black-thorn vied with one another. These, however, were relieved by the hips, honeysuckles, and viburnum, which put forth their scarlet hails; and the beautiful fruit of the woody night shade, wild service, and mountain ash, delighted the eye, and soothed the spirits depressed by the anticipation of winter.

Of this Mr. Elwood felt conscious, when, returning from an early call on a friend, he saw his youngest child Edward—a fine boy of four years old, whose chattering locks, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, made him a model of infant beauty—blowing soap-bubbles, with many a clapping of hands, and merry bound, and hearty laugh, as he saw them rise, glitter, and at length burst in the air. Amused at the sight, he gazed for some time; when, calling Emma and Frederick, he told them to watch the process, and that the first balloons ever made were produced in a similar way. This led to many inquiries, and to the remark, that what has been done only of late years, after many efforts, by man, to raise into the air has been accomplished, from the earliest times, by the gossamer spider.

"O, papa!" said Emma, on hearing this, "I wish you would tell us all about them. Now, I think you will!—and here, dear mamma, let me place your chair next to papa's—and you can remember something:—and I will listen so attentively and Frederick will—won't you, dear? And then, mamma, and then—I'll play my new rondo as well as ever I can."

Mr. E. Happily, my dear, I have leisure to gratify you. Dr. Linton noticed the failing of these webs, and in them discovered more than once a spider which he named the *bira*. On one occasion, whilst he was watching a common spider, it suddenly turned on its back, darted forth a long thread, and, vaulting from the place were it was, was carried upwards to a great height. He further discovered, that while spiders fly in this manner, they pull in their long thread with their forelegs, so as to form it into a ball—or, as it may be called, air-balloon—of flake. So high did they ascend, that one day in autumn, when the air was full of webs, he went to the top of the highest steeple of York Minster, from whence he could see the floating webs still far above him. He took some of the spiders that fell and were entangled on the pinnacles. They were of a kind that never enter houses, and, therefore, could not be supposed to have taken their flight from the stee le. Of one instance he observed, he says, "Certainly this was an accident he observed, he says, "Certainly this was an accident rope-dancer, and is wonderfully delighted in darting in threads; nor is it only carried in the air like others, but it effects itself its ascent and sailing; for by means of its legs, closely applied to each other, it so by means of its legs, closely applied to each other, it so it were balances itself, and promotes and directs its course no otherwise than as if nature had furnished it with wings or oars."

F. Has any other person particularly noticed them?

Mr. E. Mr. White has done so. "Every day in fine weather in autumn," he says, "do I see these spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft; they will go off from the finger if you will take them in your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book as I was reading in the parlour; and, rising to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring; and I am sure that I did not stand it with my breath. So that these little crawlers move faster than the air in the air itself."

E. Are they often to be seen pops?

Mr. E. Yes, sometimes in great numbers. I will give you Mr. White's account shower of these webs. On the 21st of September 1741, intent upon field diversions, he rose before day-break; but, on going out, found the whole face of the country covered with a thick coat of cobweb drenched with dew. When his dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded that they were obliged to lay down and scrape themselves. About nine o'clock, a shower of these webs, formed not of single floating threads, but of perfect flakes, some near an inch broad, and five or six long, was observed falling from very high regions, which continued through the whole of the day; and they fell with a velocity which showed that they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere. On ascending the highest parts of the country where the was observed, the webs were still seen falling, and twinkling like stars in the sun. The flakes of the webbing so thick upon the edges and trees, that baskets full might have been collected. In Germany, these flights of gossamer appear so constantly in autumn, that they are called "the flying or departing summer;" and authors speak of the web as often hanging in flakes, like wool, on every hedge and bush, throughout extensive districts.

F. For what are these webs made, papa?

Mr. E. As the single threads shot by the spiders are usually their bridges, this perhaps, may be their object, and thus the spiders may be conveyed from spot to spot with less labour than if they had travelled over the ground. And as Kirby says, also, as they seem so thirsty, may not the dropped dew with which they are always as it were strung be a secondary object with them? So great are their numbers, that sometimes every stalk of straw in the stubbles, and every clod and stone in the fallows, swarms with them. Dr. Stanch assures us that twenty or thirty often sit on a single straw, and that he collected about two thousand in half an hour, and could have easily doubled the number had he wished it.

E. But, papa, what makes the spiders go up, up, up, like Mr. Green's balloon, which I saw at Stamford, until it looked not larger than an orange, and then went quite out of sight?

Mr. E. It is probable that they do so in pursuit of food, for the selected part of grass and flies are often found in the falling webs. Perhaps the flight of some particular species, forming a favorite food of the little economists, may take place at these times. No doubt, however that the end is worthy such extraordinary means. And I wish you particularly to observe, when you see the spider's thread floating in the air, and stretching from hedge to hedge across a road or brook of four or five yards wide, that this little creature has no *wings* where with to fly, nor muscles to enable it to spring or dart to so great a distance; and hence the Creator has laid for it this path in the atmosphere. Though the insect itself be heavier than air, the thread which it spins is lighter. This, then, is an *balloon* Left to itself, the spider would drop to the ground; but being tied to its thread, both are supported! This also mounts, and buoys up the insect itself, as the tail of a kite does the body. Some of them, it seems, not only bestride their line, but roll it up in a mass and then sail in a balloon.

Mrs. E. My love, the web of the gossamer spider finely illustrates Paley's doctrine of compensation. It supplies the place of wings; and the defects of one part or of one organ are often made up for by the structure of another part or another organ. Let us try to recollect some instances. I remember, he says, that the common parrot has, in the structure of its beak, both an inconvenience and a compensation for it. By an inconvenience, he means what appears when the peculiar structure of an organ which fits it for one purpose unfits it for another. Thus the upper bill of the parrot is so much hooked, and so much overlaps the lower, that if, as in other birds, the lower part alone had motion the bird could scarcely gape wide enough to receive its food, yet this hook and overlapping of the bill could not be spared, for by it the bird climbs; to say nothing of its use in breaking nuts and the hard substances on which it feeds. How, therefore, is the difficulty prevented? By making *both* parts of the jaw moveable. In most birds, the upper chap is connected, and makes but one piece with the skull; but, in the parrot, the upper chap is joined to the bone of the head by a strong membrane placed on each side of it, which lifts and depresses it at pleasure.

E. That's a delightful story, mamma; perhaps while you are thinking of another, papa will tell us what he remembers.

Mr. E. Birds have no teeth;—I mean such as common fowl, pigeons, ducks, geese, &c. What have they, then, to make up for this want? A most powerful muscle called a gizzard, the inner coat of which has rough plains, which, by strong friction against one another, break and grind the hard food as effectually, and by the same sort of action, as a coffee mill would do. Without this, it is proved that a chicken would starve upon a heap of corn! This contrivance goes no farther than the necessity. The food of birds of prey does not require to be ground in a mill, and in them a gizzard is not found. I almost forget what he says about the bat.

Mrs. E. I remember it perfectly. At the angle of the bat's wing there is a bent claw exactly in the form of a hook, by which the creature attaches itself to the sides of rocks, caves, and buildings, laying hold of crevices, joinings, chinks, and roughnesses. It hooks itself by this claw, remains suspended by this hold, and takes its flight from this position! which compensates for the shortness of its legs and feet. Without its hook, the bat would be the most helpless of all animals. It can neither run upon its feet, nor raise itself up from the ground. But all this is made up for by the contrivance on the wing; and, in placing a claw on that part, the Creator has diversified from what is observable in winged animals. "A singular delect," says Paley, "required a singular substitute."

F. Cannot you give us one more such fact, papa?

Mr. E. Yes, my dear, but that one must suffice. The short, unbending neck of the elephant is made up for by the length and flexibility of his proboscis or trunk. He could not reach the ground without it; or if he could have fed on the fruit, leaves, or branches of trees, how was he to drink? Should it be asked, why is the elephant's neck so short? it may be answered, that the weight of a head so heavy could not have been supported at the end of a longer lever. And then the proboscis itself is most curious. The dispositions of the rings and fibres—first, to form a long pipe; secondly, to contract and shorten it; and thirdly, to turn it in every direction at pleasure; with, moreover, a finely prehensile at the end, of about the length and thickness of a finger, and performing the office of one so as to pick up a needle or a straw—exhibits an assemblage most truly amazing.

E. Wonderful—wonderful—wonderful, papa!

Mr. E. Yes, my love,

"Wonderful indeed, are all *His* works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance, always with delight."

RURAL ECONOMIST.

Rivets to Horsewitter.—Vessels intended to contain liquid at a higher temperature than the surrounding medium, and to keep that "just as long as possible at the highest temperature, should be constructed of materials which are the worst radiators of heat. Thus, tea urns and tea pots are best adapted for their purpose when constructed of polished metal, and worst when constructed of black porcelain. A black porcelain tea pot is the worst conceivable material for that vessel, for both its materials and color are good radiators of heat, and the liquid contained in it cools with the greatest possible rapidity. On the other hand, a bright metal tea pot is best adapted for the purpose, because it is the worst radiator of heat, and therefore cools as slowly as possible. A polished silver or brass tea urn is better adapted to retain the heat of the water, than one of a dull brown color, such as is commonly used. A tin kettle retains the heat of water boiled in it more effectually if it be kept clean and polished, than if it be allowed to collect the smoke and soot to which it is exposed from the action of the fire. When coated with this, its surface becomes rough and black, and is a powerful radiator of heat. A scin polished fire irons may remain for a long time in front of a hot fire, without receiving from it any increase of temperature beyond that of the chamber, because the heat radiated by the fire is all reflected by the polished surface of the irons, and none of it is absorbed; but if a set of rough unpolished irons were similarly placed, they would become speedily so hot, that they could not be used without inconvenience. The polish of fire irons is, therefore, not merely a matter of ornament, but of the use and convenience. The rough, unpolished poker, sometimes used in a kitchen, becomes speedily so hot that it cannot be held without pain. A close stove, intended to warm apartments, should not have a polished surface, for in that case it is one of the worst radiators of heat, and nothing can be contrived less fit for the purpose to which it is applied. On the other hand, a rough unpolished surface of cast iron is favorable to radition, and a fire in such a stove will always produce a most powerful effect.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia—Dr. Lardner on Heat.*

Winter Food for Cattle.—A writer for the American Farmer gives the following head "*Cheap Fodder.*" "Having been informed of the advantages of using the tops of Indian corn, cut and dye straw, to be mixed with potatoes or meal, as a food for horses or cattle, I have been making the experiment. I find that my cattle thrive better on the fodder than on rye Straw, (*cut and used in the same manner.*) The corn stalk certainly contains a great quantity of farine substance and must be highly nutritive. Being cut and scalded with a small quantity of bran, they afford an excellent mess to milch cows. In the common way of fodde ring cattle with tops, the blades are greedily eaten, but stalks are wasted. But adopting the plan recommended, the whole affords a nutritive food."

Substitute for Milk or Cream.—Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin, and then pour boiling tea over it gradually to prevent its curdling. It is difficult, from the taste, to distinguish it from milk or cream, when used in tea or coffee.

Wholesale Perfumery Establishment.

THE subscriber respectfully informs western and southern merchants, druggists, perfumers and dealers generally, that he has greatly enlarged his Perfumery Establishment, which may be found at No. 84 south Third street, sign of the Flower Vase, opposite the Exchange and Post Office, Philadelphia, where he continues to manufacture the following articles, of improved quality, equal to any imported in this country, viz:—Eau de Cologne, lavender, Florida, honey, rose, lilac, and orange flower waters, in bottles of various shapes and sizes, purified bears' oil, a choice Macassar, Indian, Trifoo and other oils, pomatums, &c. Toilet, pearl and tooth powders, chlorine tooth wash, lip salve, court plasters, rouge in liquid and powder, depilatory gold cream, marrow et extracts of all descriptions, Preston's satin and salt of roses, fancy soaps of every kind, with a general assortment of articles usually found in the trade, so that they can be elsewhere purchased. The subscriber furnishes to the numerous elegant show-bills for most of the articles, from the xylographic, lithographic and letter presses. His goods are put up in the most elegant manner, and warranted. Printed prices current forwarded to persons who may desire them, and all orders filled with care and despatch.

Address L. W. GLENN, Manufacturing Perfumer.

INDIAN DYE.—For changing red light or grey hair, whiskers and eyebrows, in the course of a single night, to a beautiful jet black or brown, without the slightest injury to the hair, or even staining the skin. Very little trouble is required in its application, and according to the directions, it never fails. Price 75 cents per bottle.

INDIAN OIL.—This article gradually colours the hair, and at the same time softens it and makes it grow. Persons with light hair, whether it be brown, flaxen or red, will find this oil excellent for the purpose. It is pleasantly perfumed, and is admirable for dressing the hair, and if used after the Indian Dye, the hair will be kept of the desired colour.—Price 75 cents per bottle.

PURIFIED BEARS' OIL.—The subscriber has just received nine barrels of this invaluable oil, which has been purified with great care, and is warranted genuine. The present is entirely free from impurities and all rancidity. It is offered to the public as the best article known for promoting the growth, beautifying and dressing the Hair, preventing it from falling out or turning gray, and giving it a beautiful glossy curl. It is also excellent for softening the Skin, Chapped Hands and Lavender.—Price in vials of 25 and 50 cents each.

MILK OF ROSES.—The great celebrity of this cosmetic, renders it at once unnecessary to say any thing further in its favour. Suffice to say, it is by far the best and most innocent remedy for pimples, tan, sunburn, morphew and roughness of the skin, ever discovered. It is recommended to gentlemen who suffer from injury done to the face, immediately after shaving, and for the chafing of infants. It can be used without the least caution, and leaves the skin beautifully soft and fair. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Also, Mexican vanilla wash, a certain cure for freckles.

The above, with a general assortment of confumery, cosmetics, fancy soaps, &c. at wholesale and retail, by L. W. GLENN, Nos. 84 and 86 South Third street, opposite the Exchange and Post Office.

☞ Orders from a distance promptly executed, and a large discount to dealers. As there are imitations of the above articles, Purchasers are requested to ask for "Glenn's."

jan 31—

Cards.

THE subscriber has on hand an extensive and complete assortment of MACHINE CARDS and FILLETING, for Cotton, Fullers, Cotton and Woollen Manufacturers and Machine Builders. As I have patent machines of superior quality, operated by steam power, and workmen of long experience, and well acquainted with every department of the manufactories, together with materials of the best quality, I have no hesitation in warranting my cards to be not only as good, but as cheap as any that are made in the United States. Persons in want of Card clothing, are particularly invited to call. Manufacturers and Machine Builders can depend upon having a first rate article.

☞ All orders by mail, or otherwise, will be promptly attended to, if addressed to JOHN R. BASKELL,
feb 7—10t No. 6 Chesnut street.

Cheap Hat Store.

NO. 209 Callowhill street, (north side,) second door below Sixth street, and No. 425 Market street, (north side,) 3rd door below Broad street.

JAMES STEEL has always on hand, at his stores, an assortment of FUR and SILK HATS, of the best workmanship, manufactured under his own superintendence, which for quality cannot be surpassed in the City or Liberties.

J. H. can assure his friends and the public, in his improvement in the manufacture of SILK HATS. Gentlemen, by sending the measure round their heads, the number of inches high, and the size of the Brim, can have a Hat made precisely to their order.

☞ A liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Hatts supplied with Fur Hats to the rough, or Silk Hats on the most liberal terms. feb 7—4p

Washington Hotel.

T. M. SANDERSON, late Superintendent of the Merchants' Coffee House and Philadelphia Exchange, respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he has purchased of Horatio Wade, his entire interest in the well-known house, called the WASHINGTON HOTEL, (formerly kept by Mrs. Yohe,) situate in North Fourth street, Philadelphia, where he pledges himself that no effort shall be known to remove a detail of its advantages. It is confessed to be, for men of business, one of the most favourable of the city; and the present proprietor intends, that whatever care and industry can do to improve its character, shall be done, not be wanting under his superintendence. The table, bar, and every other department, shall be provided with whatever can contribute to the comfort of his guests. With a reasonable share of their indulgence and the support of his friends, he trusts the *Washington Hotel* in all respects worthy of their patronage and support. feb 7—tf

Six per Cent. Savings' Bank.

A NEW Institution for that purpose, is to be established in this city, on improved liberal principles, for the benefit of depositors, who are to receive Six per Cent. per annum on their deposits, choosing their amounts, term and times of deposits and withdrawing, elect their trustees and officers, so as to obviate the objections introduced in those recently established.

It is contemplated to allow Interest on not sums down to a Dollar, and each Dollar deposited will entitle to a vote. Receipts or Certificates of deposite will be given where requested.

The office is now open for the reception of deposits, at No. 110 North Tenth street, on Mondays and Wednesdays, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock, where books will be opened for inspection and subscriptions, and where all the necessary information will be furnished. feb 7—tf

Ladies' Institute,

No. 255 Market Street, Philadelphia.

A BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL, in which are taught all the general branches of a female education, with the useful appointee and Stationery gratis.

Terms for the substantial branches per quarter, from 5 to 20 dollars. Lessons in French, on the Piano Forte, Drawing, and various styles of Fancy Needle Work, extra charge.

Terms per annum, for board and washing, &c. made known on application.

A soc. s Juvenile Boarding and Guardian School, for the education of Children. Terms per annum $200.

feb 7—sowtf Principal, M. A. WRIGHT.

Patent Cough Confection.

Or, the Compound of Sugar of Honey, commonly called Cough Candy, prepared only by J. P. Whitwell, Chemist, Boston, Mass.

THIS article is a complete substitute for the most approved and expensive Cough Medicines in use; it may be depended on in all cases of coughs, colds, influenza, and all pulmonary affections, as it does not require the head to be kept low, the opening quality of the honey is sufficiently counteracted by the other ingredients, and the preparation is extremely pleasant to the taste, as well as perfectly safe, and may be taken until the disease is entirely removed, for more than one can be elsewhere purchased. The subscriber furnishes to the numerous elegant show-bills for most of the articles, from the xylographic, lithographic and letter presses. His goods are put up in the most elegant manner, and warranted. Printed prices current forwarded to persons who may desire them, and all orders filled with care and despatch.

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